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The Seed

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SEED

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Wanderoo '71



Let's Go Get Stoned

Well, folks, the Illinois Crime Investigating Commission is at it again. It seems like the criminals on this commission have gotten tired of looking for Commies under every bed—so now they're out after acidheads, rock musicians and the Zig-Zag man.

You may remember the ICIC from its brilliant in-depth study of SDS earlier this year. That 700 page report revealed all the behind-the-scenes facts about Chicago's "leading radicals," including their grandmothers' birthdays and the names of all Communist Party members listed near them in the telephone directory. The Illinois state legislature found the findings on SDS so valuable that they cut off the money they were giving to keep the Commission going.

So now the people on the ICIC have their backs to the wall—they've got to come up with something scary enough to get them their money back and keep them on their nice fat payroll. And the thing they decided on was (da-da) The Drug Revolution. In just a few short days they've managed to make their hearings into the biggest circus since Barnum and Bailey (and they're hoping to con the same suckers).

One of the first pieces of evidence the Commission saw was a bunch of films and photos of last summer's Kickapoo Creek Rock Fest. Evidently the state troopers who took the pictures were mostly interested in people skinny-dipping in the creek and making love in the grass. In fact, they didn't have even one shot of the bands or of any alleged drug sales. "For some reason or other, we just didn't get around to that," one of the troopers explained. The Daily News reported that when the Commission members saw the pictures they "giggled, cracked jokes, or fell silent—similar to patrons at any X-rated movie."

Then the next day the Commission got into the dastardly influence drug-oriented music has on the impressionable minds of our youth. They singled out eight records that they said "encourage drug abuse" and "contribute to the pattern of acceptability of drugs." The

co-chairman of the Commission was particularly worried about one of the songs—Joe Cocker's "Let's Go Get Stoned." "When your fourteen-year-old daughter is humming these lyrics," he said, "you wonder if this is good."

Finally, the Commission ended up the week with a flourish. ICIC counsel Roger Nauert, who said he had just completed a six-week study of "establishments which deal in head supplies—that's the generic phrase for the multitude of drug paraphernalia," showed the outraged investigators hookahs, Zig-Zag papers, roach clips and psychedelic posters that he had bought. Nauert testified that "head supplies" could be divided into two categories—"usage paraphernalia, used to administer or savor the drugs" and "evangelistic paraphernalia, which extols the use of marijuana, hashish and other drugs." Nauert presented the Commission with posters of Jimi and Janis, T-shirts with the Zig-Zag man, roach clips ("used to hold the last few inches of a stick of marijuana so as to savor the last few, and most potent, inches of the stick") and flag papers ("so you can roll a marijuana cigaret and engage in a little revolution by burning the American flag").

The Commission wanted the Seed to testify about drugs too—they wrote us a letter asking us to drop by and rap to them a little about 1) why we advertise "prevailing prices for drugs" in the paper, and 2) why we warn against "adulterated or overly potent drugs." We of course politely declined their invitation, but they were rude enough to talk about us anyway behind our backs. In fact, Nauert said that the Seed office was like an "armed fortress" because "its employees were paranoid about any display of interest in them on the part of official agencies."

One thing's for sure—if the rest of the government were as inept as the Crime Commission, we wouldn't have to be "paranoid." The way Nauert and his buddies are going, they may not realize what the revolution they're studying is all about until it comes and takes the power away from them.

— Arthur



As most Americans eagerly awaited the arrival of 1971, the ever-active Seed staff was working late into the night at 950 W. Wrightwood (929-0122), putting together Vol. 6, no. 5 of this rag.

Working on this issue of the paper were: Earl, Peter, Leon, Letti, Lynda, Maralee, Mitch, Eliot, Fred, Arthur, Dinae, Abe, Mike Gold, Uncle Martin, Dan Clyne, Harry High School, Wanderoo, Sue, Rudi, Toria, Donovan, Jean, Peggy, Scott, Marty, Neill, Warren Peace, Jeff's, Alice's, and our street sellers, with credits to the L.A. Freep, Liberated Guardian, and Space City.

Our two day benefit was a smashing success—over 700 of you braved the cold weather to make the scene at Grace Church and Alice's Revisited. Most everybody seemed to have a good time and the bread raised will help clear up old bills. Our sincere thanks to everyone who attended, and especially to all the bands, and to the good folks at Grace and Alice's who made it all possible. It's nice to know you have friends.

Our apologies go out to those who weren't able to get into Alice's Sunday night—just too many people showed and there was no space inside. We hope you'll understand.

Our apologies also for: neglecting to list Detroit Annie on the last two masts, deleting Mike Gold's by-line on the conspiracy re-run story last issue, and mistitling the Weatherman letter last time (correct title: New Morning, Changing Weather).

With this issue, we bring you the first two months of the exciting 1971 Seed Calendar, indicating some of the uppers and downers which happened to Chicago folks in recent years. We'll be doing March to De-

cember as they come along, and you are welcome to send us dates of any important/unimportant events you can dig up from the past.

The Seed could really use a safe, fire extinguishers, headliner fonts for the varitype, a coat rack, fluorescent lights, a truck van or microbus, a conveyor belt, bunk beds, file cabinets, typewriters that work, press type, manila envelopes, typing paper, scalpels, rapidographs, photographic screens, Kodak negative paper and chemicals, PMT paper and activator, border tapes, type-font balls for the IBM selectric composer and ribbons for the same machine, an electric mimeo machine, giant mountains of dog food, the works of d.a. levy, and just about anything else.

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There will be a benefit for the Rising Up Angry legal defense fund Sunday, January 17th at Alice's Revisited, 950 W. Wrightwood. Bands playing will include Wilderness Road, Otis Plumb, Euphoria Blimp Works, Funky Down Home, Underground Taxi and the Women's Liberation rock band. It will start at two in the afternoon and end around two in the morning. There will also be flicks and raps. Admission is \$1.50 or \$1.00 with a copy of Angry.

Rising Up Angry is also presently in desperate need of all kinds of supplies to help put out their paper. Bring supplies to 2744 N. Lincoln Ave., or call 472-1791, to find out how you can help.

People didn't have much to sing about during Christmas 1970, in Free City. However there have been a couple of major developments along the lines of emerging life forces. On Dec 17, people from the organized revolving Chicago-area bail fund ransomed a brother who was busted for giving a runaway a place to stay. The fund's general consensus was that people are not property or slaves—rather they are human beings; anyone busted for taking care of freedom-loving people should get help from the fund. In a true free society, there are no minors or majors, there are people living with and not against nature. If you have any spare bread, send it to the Seed, attn: Bail Fund. Let's take care of each other.

Health is another problem that deserves our major attention. There is a nation-wide venereal disease pandemic (bigger than a local epidemic), and we are getting incredibly messed up because we haven't taken care of ourselves and one another. The VD that is going around is fifteen times stronger than before, and it must be dealt with now. Remember: when making love, take awful care...

In trying to cope with the morbid reality of competition and hatred Amerikan-style (which isn't to say it doesn't happen elsewhere on the planet) we seek an easy escape. The escape many times becomes abuse—thus another mess-over. Dope may be fine, but watch it. Speed, smack and downers kill people, tribes ideas and beauty.

The Daley regime here in Chicago doesn't like quality health care for all the people; it has been hassling the various free health clinics in order to keep folks down and incapable of living a decent and free life. So now people are going to fight this insanity in a positive way. Since the existing clinics are overburdened and understaffed, relief in the form of a free young people's health clinic is happening. On Sunday, Jan. 3, 1971, at I.W.W. Hall, 2440 N. Lincoln (where community meetings are held every Wednesday at 7 pm) there will be a meeting to organize the clinic. It happens at 7pm. If you are a worker and not a "hippie trying to make the scene," show up. There will be lots of logistics and office work to do. If you have dropped out of the AMA and are disgusted with genocidal hospital interiors, the clinic (if it's going to be a true one) will need qualified doctors and medical assistants to get it on. How about it?

The clinic will need all of the standard equipment, money and energy it can get. Give what you can. Especially needed is penicillin and vitamins. Call Nancy Turner or myself at the Seed for more information. Leave messages if we're not in.

Free city is supposed to be a community of love and sharing. If we exert our strength as sisters and brothers we can prevent the Orwellian nightmare from consuming us all. Time and Big Brother are working against us. What are you doing about seizing the time from the death forces? I'd like to know. Write or call the Seed anytime. Leave messages. Needless to say, "there's a whole lotta shakin' going on..."

Uncle Martin

Free City Exchange, Chicago's first alternative switchboard has been temporarily shut down, because some people decided to wish them the merriest of Christmases by harrassing staff members, ripping out their phones, and making the FCX a total mess, on Christmas Day. As FCX struggles to get itself back together, people in need should call either Sunshine Aide, 767-1565 or Y.A.T.S., 775-2211. For more details on the FCX setback, check out our next issue.

JUDY CLARK

Within the past two weeks, two women from the Weather Underground—Judy Clark and Carlie Tanner—have been captured by the FBI. Judy has already been extradited to Chicago and appeared in court to have bail set on her charges—conspiracy to cross interstate lines to incite a riot, two demonstrations worth of rioting and mob action, a local count of bail jumping and a federal count of interstate flight to avoid prosecution.

The conspiracy case—the third major attempt by the government to use the "Rap Brown law" against the movement—involves twelve Weatherpeople indicted for the October '69 Days of Rage. The presiding judge for the trial is (believe it or not but in your heart of hearts you knew it all along) Julius J. Hoffman. Judy came up before Julie this week for a bail hearing, and he quickly proved that he was still in form—he repeatedly interrupted Judy's lawyer Ann Garfinkel, lectured her on rules in a federal court, and mispronounced her name. He then generously agreed to set Judy's bail at \$75,000. It looks like bail will be the same for the four other major charges facing her, so that makes a total of \$375,000 bail, or \$37,000 cash that has to be raised before Judy can get out of jail. Most of this money has already been pledged, but more will have to be raised in the next few weeks before Judy, Carlie and others now in prison can be back on the streets.

One other interesting note about the Weather conspiracy trial: so far only two of the twelve defendants have been caught, and Judge Hoffman had the foresight to ask the prosecuting attorney when he thought the trial could start (it's pretty hard for even the Justice Department to prove a conspiracy when only two people are involved). The D.A. replied that he didn't expect the trial to begin soon, but he hoped that by the early spring "there would be more of the defendants in custody." There seemed to be some snickering in the courtroom when he made that remark.

Question: What do Senator Adlai Stevenson III, multimillionaire W. Clement Stone, Black P. Stone leader Jeff Fort, Panther Bobby Rush, and New Mobe co-chairman Sidney Lens have in common?

Answer: They all (along with at least 800 other good citizens) belong to the not-so-exclusive, ever-growing Subversives Club, run by the 113th Military Intelligence Group at 2231 W. Howard Street in Evanston.

On December 16 John O'Brien, a former member of the 113th's Mission Impossible Force, decided he could no longer remain silent. It was one thing to spy on freaking fag revolutionaries, to use old friends and acquaintances to keep tabs on Conspiracy defendants and other such types ("How I Spied for Army": O'Brien 'Used' Ex-girl Friend," the Daily News headlined). It was quite another thing, however, to perform the same service when it came to Republican party backers such as Stone or elected politicians such as former governor Otto Kerner, Congressman Abner Mikva, or Stevenson. O'Brien "grew to loathe" the work, and, a half year after his honorable discharge from the Army, he decided to blow the whistle on the entire operation by writing letters to three men he thought might be interested—Richard Nixon, Sen. Charles Percy and Sen. Sam Ervin. Only Ervin—whose Senate Judiciary Subcommittee investigates such matters—decided to react publicly to O'Brien's letter. The other two didn't even acknowledge it. In the letter, O'Brien disclosed how he had snooped on anti-war, civil rights and gang-related people, as well as just plain liberal folks "who openly opposed the Nixon administration's domestic policies."

No one left of Kim Agnew was excluded from the MIG's 120 feet of manila "subversives" folders—well, hardly anyone:

"If I was left off the list, I am highly incensed and demand an investigation as to why I was."—Senator Charles Percy, Republican and would-be liberal.

Reaction by members of the Subversives Club indicates that even elected officials are not entirely unaware of what is happening these days.

The army's actions are "causing people to wonder who is really running this country."—Adlai Stevenson, confused U.S. Senator

"I am personally shocked."—former governor Otto Kerner

"I don't resent it at all. After all, the Lord keeps dossiers on all of us."—Rev. Francis X. Lawlor, a Catholic priest trying to keep black people out of the southwest side

(laughter)—Sylvia Kushner, Chicago Peace Council

Although Army Secretary Stanley Resor vigorously denied O'Brien's charges, no one took him too seriously—not even in the U.S. Congress, where at least



B E F O R E

three special investigations have been proposed. A "special investigation" is the official title for a "blue ribbon committee," noted primarily for filing 900-page reports which are published in paperback within 3 days of their release by the New York Times—complete with photographs.

Army snooping is nothing new; there have been several exposes written in the past year—all by ex-spies—although none admitted to surveillance of Congressmen and Senators. Military spying on domestic civilians began after the Watts uprising in 1965; the operation expanded with Detroit (1967), and, by the time of the Democratic Convention, there were reportedly over 1,000 agents devoted to filling up those manila files in Evanston and in comparable military installations around the country.

Last January, an ex-army intelligence agent, Christopher Pyle, told of a massive computerized information file on civilians, located at Fort Holabird, Maryland. The Army denied the existence of the data banks, but outrage in the liberal press forced an "investigation," conducted by Robert Jordan, General Counsel in charge of military intelligence. Jordan "discovered" several data banks, and, in March, the Army ordered them destroyed, which they apparently were. Sort of. Ever mindful of wasting the taxpayers' dollars, the Army took the precaution of storing the information on microfilm before erasing the computer file. By this time the Fort Holabird installation was quite possibly redundant anyhow, since the Justice Department had acquired a bigger computer, which it was more than willing to share with the Army. The Interdivisional Intelligence Unit is, in Attorney General Mitchell's words, concerned with a "very, very limited area of intelligence, relating to specific instances we are interested in, such as marches." Marches?

Ralph Stein, a former agent who spent two years at the "left wing" desk at the Pentagon, explained how

(continued on page seven)

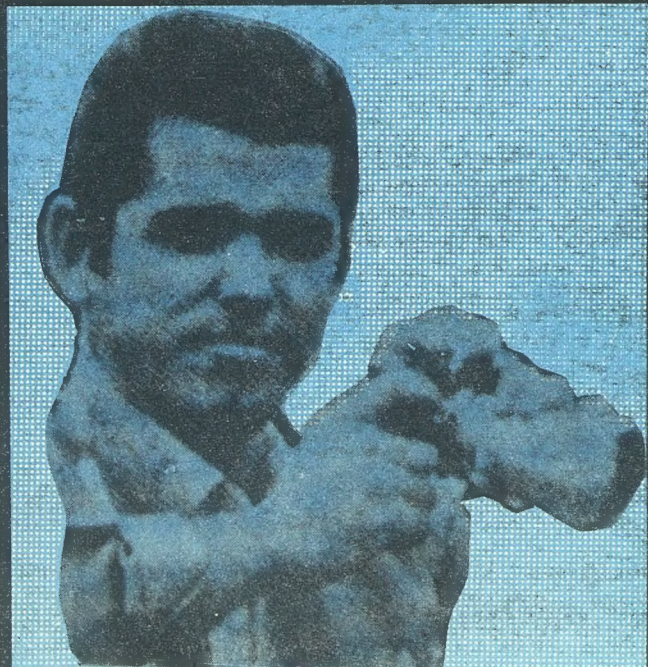
Last issue we closed "Getting Busted" by mentioning that the FBI and other such agencies are scouring college campuses, hip neighborhoods, peace groups and army bases for people willing to inform on anybody to the left (and some to the right) of William Buckley. Since then the Army's civilian spying program has been exposed. It thus becomes more and more obvious that anybody into anything more than liberal outrage better have his or her shit together and begin to learn certain basic procedures for unmasking informers.

There are all kinds of esoteric ways to find out who's who: sodium pentathol (truth serum) and galvanic skin-response devices (lie detectors) being two of the better-known. While these methods are of definite value and should be checked out by small action groups, this article will concentrate on a few common-sense ways to prevent or neutralize any piggery in your ranks.

The first procedure involves a paradox. Most movement groups are started by "outside agitators," people who see that the Emperor is naked because they don't owe him any loyalty. These groups call for power to the people, but too often they fail to build a base in the communities where they are operating. Because they retain an unnatural vibe, a local person working for the Man often seems more natural than the radical stranger who's working for the common welfare. This situation will continue to exist to the extent that people continue to maintain groups apart from the 'ecology' and culture of the community. This is why hip scenes and drug operations have proved harder to do in than po-li-ti-cal organizations, although this situation is worsening due to an influx of hip-pigs.

Here's an example. Say your bringing some kilos in through O'Hare. You've worked out a thing whereby a motel near the airport is to serve as a drop. Now if you've done your homework, you know that the Marriott has periods of greater and lesser heat and that several of the Flying Carpet's cabanas are rented by Austin District police during the summer. You also know which places pay off, which employ moon-lighting police for security, and which tolerate people of deviant dress and life-style. Contacts and friends who've attended or currently attend Weber, Gordon, Von Steuben and Steinmetz and know the West Side, Desplaines, Schiller Park, etc. can tell you who's joined the force and provide an idea of who might be doing narc or undercover work.

Alienation from the rhythm of a community shows up in other ways. An undercover policeman was able to disable the Nigra Liberation Front in Buffalo because some people refused to listen when local folk spread the word that he was into some kind of police thing. An informer in Chicago wiped out several grass networks because fools ignore wide-spread commentary about his ability to stay free in the face of three narcotics convic-



A F T E R

tions. The only thing worse than not checking out rumors heard from two or more independent sources is remaining silent when you have definite information about someone being a trick.

Certain behavior patterns should arouse your suspicion. Old chums who suddenly reappear and ask complex questions about what you or people you know are into should be handled with care. An Army Intelligence officer was able to keep fairly close tabs on defendants during the Conspiracy Trial by phoning up a high school girl friend who worked on the defense team. People in such positions should resist the temptation to give in to constant badgering, since it's impossible to know what data will connect what links. [The drug equivalent is a situation when someone who used to be super-uptight comes on to you for a load of kilos. Never give drugs to anyone you don't trust; if you see a badge try to make sure that anything near its owner gets smoked or dropped before everybody goes home (hopefully it's not your home).]

People who suddenly possess large sums of \$\$, who disappear without explanation, who seemingly have no pasts, who tell different stories to different people, who ask question after question, who thrive when given the chance to play on weaknesses, and who are reluctant to invite you over to their digs should be checked out. Somebody we know in New York was offered hundreds of \$\$ a week if he'd help to break up the Yippies. Other peo-

ple have been threatened with revocation of parole, the cutting off of scholarships, the seizure of their children and other weird shit if they refused to inform. Be alert when people in such situations go through sudden, heavy changes. The people forcing them are out to smash you.

OK. Sometimes it's real easy to unmask an informer. Your group is talking about whether the new phone should have one or two extensions and this strange guy says "I think we should kill some pigs tonight" when the discussion comes around to him. Another person gets driven home from school every Thursday in a blue Plymouth with silver hubcaps. A third fellow drops a badge when he starts his second sixpack. Don't be sucked into believing that all informers are this lame; some agents are smoother than a diaper (but just as full of crap).

What you need is a method that works yet doesn't turn everybody close to you into a band of paranoids. As the December issue of Ramparts points out, "the simplest way to sink an undercover agent is to swamp him with questions about his past—the more specific the better." These questions should be put in a way that won't alarm the suspect. Say that everybody has been through check or that people other than yourself are uptight and that you're trying to help put their fears to rest by clearing things up.

Important questions:

Suspect's full name, address, phone number and aliases.

Parents' and step-parents' names (including maiden names), addresses, phone numbers and occupations.

Names, locations and dates of attendance for the past four schools the suspect attended.

His last four employers with addresses, dates of employment, kind of work and reason for leaving.

A description of his last two cars, including physical description, names of legal and registered owners, and license plate numbers.

Past marriages, divorces or separations with dates and locations of such actions. The same information on the births of children, civil or criminal court actions and any traffic tickets in the past year.

His past four residences, with exact addresses, dates of residency, and the phone numbers while he lived there.

All driver's licenses and draft card information. Look at the card yourself.

Names of two long-time friends, how long he or she's known them, and how to reach them.

[Keep in mind—which Ramparts doesn't—that "he" may be a "she".]

Also get a complete military history, including dates and units.

After getting this information, utilize any of the hundreds of available tools to see if the rap corresponds to the reality. Some suggestions are:

(to find out hurry to page 26)

SEATTLE

To understand the background of the Seattle Conspiracy trial, we have to go back in time to late January, 1970, to the campus of the University of Washington in Seattle. Michael Lerner, assistant professor of philosophy at UW and a veteran of the Bay Area radical movement, organized a number of students into a collective centered around the idea of a tax-incentive program in the general Seattle area, which has a 15% unemployment rate that spans both the blue collar and white collar working class.

Greater Seattle, with a population of about 800,000, has an army of unemployed working people—industrial, with less than a high school education, and professional, with Ph.D.'s in engineering—and the tax incentive program sought to raise transitional and revolutionary demands at the same time.

In brief, the proposal was:

1. revoke state taxes for anyone making under \$10,000 with graduated payment up to those making \$30,000, with those making over \$30,000 and corporate profits paying the burden;
2. no corporate manufacture of arms and weaponry for foreign wars;
3. no mandatory service of any Washingtonian in a foreign war;
4. the withholding of all federal income tax money paid by Washingtonians until the federal budget allocated less than 10 percent for "defense," and that money be used to meet the needs of the people "such as mass transit, housing, ecological research and development, day care centers and educational programs with high priority to the Black and Brown neighborhoods and Indian reservations."

Soon after the first collective formed, a large public meeting organized the Seattle Liberation Front, a group of autonomous collectives that would work on the incentive, as well as a 13 point program that included militant support to black and brown self-determination, opposition to imperialism, opposition to male supremacy, and a defense of youth culture. The collectives began door-to-door campaigns, leafleting unemployment offices, getting increasing numbers of students into new collectives, and reaching out to many new segments of the population.

Leadership was increasingly assumed by the Sundance collective—composed of Lerner and most of the others later indicted for conspiracy. Among them were Chip Marshall, Joe Kelly, Jeff Dowd and Mike Abeles, who had migrated from Ithaca N.Y. in December of 1969 to live and do political work in Seattle. Many of the Ithaca people had backgrounds in SDS—some in Weatherman—but had left the group because of sharp political disagreements.

The SLF called demonstrations in protest of the Chicago 7 convictions on February 16. The crowd (estimated at between 2 - 3 thousand) erupted as it neared the federal building - rocks were thrown, people appeared and started beating demonstrators, arresting 80. None of those later indicated were arrested. It was Seattle's first large demonstration in some time.

Numerous new collectives formed after the demonstration. SLF developed new energy, doing dormitory and high school organizing, gathering free food for street people, continuing work on the tax incentive program and around unemployment and beginning an attack on the Boeing Aircraft Corp.

At its peak in company-town Seattle in 1969, war and defense contractor Boeing, employed around 140,000 people. By the end of 1971, they will employ only 29,000. Hardest hit, as always, are black and women workers.

At its peak in company-town Seattle in 1969, war and defense contractor Boeing employed around 140,000 people. By the end of 1971, they will employ only 29,000. Hardest hit, as always, are black and women workers, but with unprecedented severi-

ty, white-collar workers are finding themselves without jobs or job prospects. The SLF demanded reconversion of Boeing facilities and job training for pollution free transit systems.

The SLF also helped to mobilize thousands of white students in late March in support of the UW Black Students Union's demand that UW break its contract to engage in athletic activities with Brigham Young University, affiliated with the Mormon Church. The Mormon Church believes black people are marked with the sin of Cain, and thus cannot enter Church hierarchy or gain true salvation. University activities were nearly halted, and this demand was won.

The FBI and the Seattle Post-Intelligencer (a Hearst-owned paper) jointly conducted a campaign to create the impression that the SLF was a "conspiracy" that was organized by "outside agitators" and "hard-core exponents of violence and chaos."

The conspiracy indictments, referring to the TDA demonstration, were issued less than a week before the invasion of Cambodia and the killings at Jackson, Kent and Augusta. Suffering internally from too rapid growth, whirlwind activity and what many charged was male supremacist leadership, SLF responded to the events by leading "militant" actions that basically involved the inhalation of tear gas after blocking the freeway near the Seattle campus.

As summer began, much of the energy and momentum of SLF started to dissipate.

In nearby Portland, the People's Army Jamboree planned a confrontation with the Amerikan Legion. The SLF Hydra collective decided that a better idea would be the organizing of the Third Annual Sky River rock festival. The SLF-run festival, though recruiting 20,000 people in its 11-day duration, was a disaster. One SLF member called it "a drug festival...it was barbarian." Drugs, a total ab-

sence of politics, little good music, etc., hardly seemed to add up to any kind of real "alternative youth culture." And all this seemed minimal compared to the fact that three women were gang raped.

These events seemed to crystalize the feelings of many SLF women. At the first fall meeting, they walked in, denounced the SLF male leadership, including those named in the conspiracy indictments, and prompted a pullout of eight of the remaining 10 collectives.

In a statement circulated nationally, the Fanshen Women's collective said that "the movement in Seattle is, in many ways, a microcosm of the movement across the country. The men we denounced are not unusually evil, brilliantly manipulative, or exceptional leaders in any sense. All over the country, men have defined the Revolution."

"We thought that the SLF would give us a chance to connect; that the collective structure would allow us autonomy, creativity, and self-respect...We found our energies absorbed into a whirlwind of 'organizing,' defined and directed by the all-seeing, all-knowing eye of the Sundance center....Sundance had injected some youth culture hype into the program and they became the center of the Seattle movement social scene by arranging huge parties with lots of beer, dope, wine, and girls."

The Sundance collective, they charged, while terming everything that most people have to do as "bourgeois" and urging everyone to "drop out," exploited women's money and work to support "their incredibly expensive life style."

Sundance members often made chauvinist jokes, became media "personalities" and spent much of their time making speeches, hanging out in a "movement bar" and refusing to challenge chauvinist attitudes for fear of "alienating" people. Fanshen women criticized the Boeing project for not dealing with the special op-

pression of black and women workers. And they especially came down on the seeming unconcern of the leadership over the events at Sky River.

"We cannot be expected to tolerate the existence of a movement which is oppressive to women," their statement says, "merely because it is packaged and sold as revolutionary. It is not enough for us to build an alternative to it. What its leaders do still affects us as women. That is why we felt it necessary to expose the basis of their power and attack their use of it."

The statement was issued with the full awareness that five of the men named were involved in the conspiracy trial. "We cannot support a defense based on macho jive nor an attempt to use this trial to recruit people into a sexist movement...(but) we will support an honest defense" based on making clear the real dangers of the conspiracy law.

Since the Fanshen statement was circulated, women still active in the SLF have responded with criticisms involving the attitude, manner and timing of the attack. They did, however, maintain agreement with the content of the statement—the sexism of the SLF male leadership. "The general tone of this affair and the national denunciation of these seven men indicate an intention to do more than remove them from a position of power. Were this purge to go as intended, these men would never be welcome anywhere in the movement. This seems to us to violate a very basic premise of revolutionary struggle - the ability of a person, through conscious determination, to transcend his own enculturation....Struggles around male chauvinism must not become limited to attacks on known machos....We do not defend the cited behavior of these men. But we will say that there have been many times when they have given us reason to regard them, as we still do, as brothers. We will not conduct their defense only on the basis of the conspiracy law. We will defend them as human beings facing jail for sharing in our struggle."

There has been an absence of any response—individually or collectively—by the males denounced.

SLF made some key steps in a revolutionary direction. It was a city-wide movement: its autonomous projects and living collectives were in constant touch with each other through phone lines, relationships and weekly coordinating committee meetings. While maintaining a campus base, its members organized off campus, were out of school, worked for a living, were full-time in a new sense of the word.

Even without SLF, the strongest motion in Seattle is with youth and working people, in the Union of Unemployed which has staged marches on Boeing, in free food and clothing projects in white working class neighborhoods, etc. Coupled with the realization that unemployment continues to skyrocket with recession—with youth unemployment up 35 percent—and the growth of unionization among aerospace engineers, teachers and other white-collar workers, SLF's projects—at least according to the Justice Department and the corporate power structure of Boeing—had to be crushed.

The chauvinism of the SLF leadership made it much easier for the government to accomplish that.

Politics involves more than a program or a statement of principles—it involves what people do, how they live, how they relate to other people. The Seattle Liberation Front, in its formally stated structure and program and its attempt at outreach, provides a new model for movement activity. But if we are to learn any lesson at all from the experience of Seattle, it is the importance of putting into practice, within our own organizations, the goals and ideas that we eternally profess.

Marion Delgado

The enclosed statement is a letter from Chip Marshall, one of the seven defendants in the Seattle conspiracy case, written while he was being held in solitary in the Tacoma jail.

It is an account of the government's repressive response to a successful defense in a political trial - successful not only because of the political points made in the courtroom about the nature of American "justice", but because the defense concretely showed the weakness of the government's case.

The importance of this case as a test of the conspiracy laws can't be overestimated, and yet the press coverage up to now, has been inadequate. Most of the important proceedings of the trial have either been distorted or neglected by the national press.

Since this letter was written, a Federal judge has overruled Judge Boldt's decision and granted the defendants bail.

The defendants still desperately need money to keep the defense going. Donations or requests for information should be sent to:

Seattle Conspiracy Defense
Box 1984
Seattle, Washington

growing problems of depression plaguing the Northwest.

The federal judiciary would cooperate in this strategy by making sure that we did not get a jury of our peers and by ruling out anything "irrelevant" such as the war, racism, sexism, and the court system. At the same time, they allowed the D.A. the widest latitude in bringing up facts about drugs, sex and violence calculated to scare the straight jury. Further proof of the latitude accorded the prosecution was the judge's ruling (a week into the trial) that none of the overt acts listed in the indictment had to be proved to constitute this conspiracy. This ruling meant, in effect, that the defendants would not know what they were charged with until the prosecution brought the evidence to trial.

At first, things went according to schedule. The judge denied us the right to question prospective jurors about their attitudes, preferring to ask the whole group of 150 things like, "Now if any of you have prejudice against black people, please raise your hand."

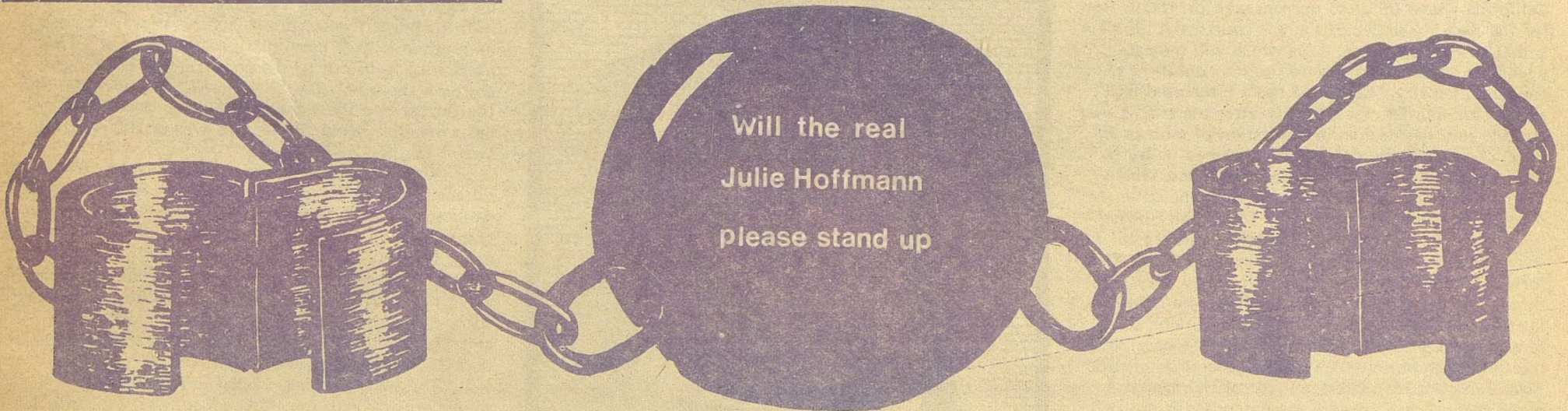
The local D.A., Stan Pitkin, as ambitious as he was inept, also tried to follow the script, throwing out any prospective juror whose sideburns extended past the top of his ears or whose opinions extended beyond the Green Bay Packers. When we challenged this, the judge would threaten contempt. We began to realize that we had been fooled by the myth of Chicago. The so-called circus had not been created by Jerry, Abbie and Bobby. They had reacted to narrow and prohibitive judicial structures which denied them the possibility of defending themselves. We found we had to protest, had to object, had to risk contempt to assure the semblance of a fair trial.

Any doubts that the judge was unbiased were completely dispelled once the trial began. Boldt, notorious for his stern handling of draft cases, reacted violently to the spectators, most of whom were young "hippie types" as he called them. The fact that these people sometimes lagged or made remarks enraged Boldt who had a reputation for "speedy and efficient" justice.

At times, things became ludicrous. To him, all

trial, refused to admit into the downstairs lobby about 40 people who were standing outside in the rain. When Jeff Dowd went to the judge's chambers to protest, Boldt said, "People like that don't mind rain," and cited Jeff with contempt for knocking on his door too loudly. The defendants, who were waiting in their defense room, demanded that the spectators be let in and that a hearing be held on Jeff's contempt charge. (At this point we had no reason to believe that court had convened and that the jury was in the box. On every day prior to this, motions, such as those we had just presented, were heard by the judge before the jury was called in. In addition, it was the practice of the judge or bailiff to ask both defense and prosecution if they were ready to proceed before calling the jury into the courtroom. On this particular occasion this procedure was not followed by the judge. The judge had called the court in session and summoned the jury without our having the slightest idea that this was going on.) After about 20 minutes of waiting, without hearing any word from the judge, we decided to go over to the courtroom. When we opened the door of our defense room, the judge was standing there. We told him we were coming and followed him down the hall to the court. When we got inside, I told the jury, "We're sorry we are late, but many people were being kept outside in the pouring rain." The judge blew up. He declared us all in contempt for delaying the trial and said that my "outrageous remarks" to the jury had "hopelessly prejudiced" the jury. MISTRIAL!

We protested, saying we weren't afraid of the jury and wanted to continue the trial. We pointed out that Pitkin had delayed for two days while the court waited for him to bring forth his next witness, but the judge paid no attention to our protest. "I'm doing this for your own good," he said. We had heard this line once before when he moved the trial from liberal Seattle to backwoods Tacoma, prompting Mike Lerner to remark, "With friends like you, judge, who needs enemies!" Afterwards, the press interviewed the jurors and our suspi-



Dec. 17, 1970

Brothers and Sisters,

The abrupt end of the Seattle Conspiracy trial may signal a new pattern for federal repression. By declaring a mistrial in this case and sentencing five of the defendants to a year in jail without bail for contempt and the other two defendants to six months under the same conditions, Judge George Boldt has set a legal precedent for evading the safeguards to justice supposedly guaranteed to every citizen under the Bill of Rights. The new approach allows the state to fill all functions at once—judge, jury and executioner—thus avoiding the possibility of any embarrassing errors (acquittal). Judge Boldt summed up the case in the following words:

"I have no doubt my daily prayers for strength and guidance to be calm and understanding and patient in this case and to do that which is fair and just in the sight of our heavenly father have been answered. I believe divine providence may have given this this court and others guidance to an effective solution of disruptive trials. I pray it may be so."

Within an hour, the courtroom had been brutally cleared of all but the "safe" media by thirty to forty leather-gloved marshals who continued to fondle their blackjacks as Boldt droned on after the trial reconvened. The defendants were handcuffed, several still bleeding from the marshals' attacks. If "divine inspiration" was involved in this trial, it was clearly of the same sort which inspired the Inquisition and the Salem witch trials.

Earlier in the day, Jeff Dowd had called the Court's attention to the American flag flying above the judge's head. He said that it was once the flag of a revolutionary people who believed in liberty and justice for all. The defendants then presented the judge a flag they felt was more appropriate for that courtroom—the Nazi flag. The judge offered no protest, but instead admitted it as Court's Exhibit No. 1. The Bailiff stood nervously holding the flag at his side, looking confused. Was he expected to display it next to the Stars and Stripes and the Gold Seal mounted above the judge's bench?

From the beginning, the collective defense was determined to prevent the trial from becoming a circus. We felt that we could discredit the notion of "conspiracy" and explode the "outside agitator" myth. We wanted to show that the only people who met in secret, hatched plots and duped people through clever propaganda were the very people who were bringing us to trial—the federal government.

The government's strategy was to use the "Reichstag Fire" approach perfected by Goebbels during the 30's. By creating hysteria about weatherman, bombings, Black Panthers, free sex, and drug fanatics, they hoped that the real issues could be avoided. The government would create a circus to divert people's attention from the

young people looked alike and he consistently confused our names—even to the point of telling 5'2" Susan Stern "Now Mr. Dowd, please sit down!" (Dowd is 6'4 with bushy hair). When Susan protested, Boldt looked to the back of the gallery and shouted "I heard that!" and ordered one woman to leave. Susan said, "Judge, I said that." Boldt looked right past her and ordered another innocent spectator out of the court. At this point Dowd stood up and told the judge he must be blind. "You be quiet Mr. Abeles!" the judge snapped. And so it went.

Despite the fact that Judge Boldt did everything possible to help the government's case, it soon became clear that Pitkin's case was hopeless. His opening statement painted us as the incarnation of evil. "We will show that Joseph Kelly incited to riot. . . that Chip Marshall passed a tear gas cannister to Mike Abeles. . . and that Roger Lippman threw rocks at the federal courthouse in Seattle. . .," he said, staring intently at the jury. When defense attorney Mike Tigar pointed out that on the day in question, Joe Kelly was before a judge in Chicago, that the tear gas cannister was actually a bullhorn, the jury appeared to look strangely at Pitkin. Tigar pointed out that Lippman was in San Francisco on the day in question and stated that if he threw a rock that hit the Seattle courthouse, it was the longest throw in history. Several of the jurors smirked and the judge's face turned red. Pitkin shifted in his seat and looked nervously at his FBI assistant, Mr. Lou Harris.

After Pitkin had brought on a few witnesses, including our landlord who said the only thing he could complain about was the color we painted our living room, and a University of Washington policeman who saw some of us leave the student union building a week prior to the TDA demonstration but didn't hear anything we said and couldn't remember if we even talked to each other, the press began wondering if the government was just wasting taxpayers money. Then Pitkin played his ace—an "undercover weatherman" who spun out a tale of bombings, dope and guns. But under cross-examination he fell apart. He never was a weatherman; he consistently tried to get people to bomb things but no one took him up; he admitted that he was addicted to codine and that the FBI supplied his habit. Then he confessed to me under further cross-examination that "he would do anything to get us—even lie." Pitkin dropped his head. His bombshell had blown up in his face, the government's case was dead.

Pitkin was so shaken that for the next two days he was unable to bring one witness to the stand. He used a variety of excuses, but even Boldt was getting perturbed. Boldt chose to redirect his anger at us. When Abeles accused the prosecution of stalling, he issued his "final warning" about our courtroom behavior.

The next day, Judge Boldt solved the government's problems. It was pouring rain outside and the marshals, who had been abusing the spectators throughout the

cions were confirmed. No, they were not prejudiced, and yes, they were sorry a mistrial had been declared. Five even said they thought the government's case was shoddy and most thought we would have either gotten off or had a hung jury.

Our strategy proved to be correct. The government had failed to show that we were "madmen." Once we began to talk, even "middleAmericans" began to listen. But what we hadn't counted on was Judge Boldt's divine inspiration, mistrial plus heavy contempt sentences. When we arrived in court for our contempt hearing on Monday, we expected to call witnesses and have a jury. We were convinced that they would never find us guilty. So was Judge Boldt. No witnesses, no jury, six months.

We were stunned. Then Susan Stern rose to speak. She had been sick in the hospital on Thursday, and she felt that her rights had been violated by the mistrial declared in her absence. The judge was outraged. He couldn't deal with a woman who didn't show him proper respect. He threatened contempt but Susan continued to speak. It was the most dramatic moment of the trial. In a low, steady voice, she talked about Vietnam, Bobby Seale, and the things that had moved her to join the revolution. The courtroom was hushed, tears were in the eyes of most of the spectators, defendants and lawyers—even the D.A.'s head was lowered as she said: "Bring back the people slaughtered at My Lai, bring back the soldiers killed in Vietnam, bring the half million people of Woodstock, bring them all here to decide who is in contempt."

Boldt, feeling his power slip, blurted out, "Stop this diatribe!" Then federal marshals were everywhere. I can't remember clearly what happened. Two pigs grabbed Susan, then grabbed me. As I was pulled out of the courtroom I saw the marshals mace Mike Tigar, one of our lawyers, and begin to swing into the crowd with blackjacks. The rest was anti-climax. The courtroom was cleared, fourteen people arrested and order restored. Six more months for contempt—again no hearing, again no jury.

At present we are all in the Tacoma City Jail. We have been denied bail on the basis of an FBI report declaring that we are "as dangerous as Eldridge Cleaver and Angela Davis." The judge, the D.A., the chief FBI agent and the head U.S. marshal all signed affidavits claiming they "fear for their lives" if we are let out of jail. We are appealing the denial of bail, but in or out of jail we continue to struggle. We have already gotten together with the other prisoners and tomorrow there will be a strike. 100% of the people in my block have signed a list of ten demands at great risk to themselves.

Whatever happens, we consider the trial a victory. Another facade of justice has been ripped away, more people have joined the movement as a result, thus bringing us a step closer to bringing the monster down.

Love and Power to the People
Chip Marshall

This article is dedicated to all those who voted to retain the death penalty in Illinois.

"It seemed ritualistic."

--A uniformed supervisor at the scene of the murder of Jay Sebring, Sharon Tate, Abigail Folger, Voityck Frykowski and Steve Parent.

The gas chamber is so barbaric that it defies description. To the stare it appears like some sort of space capsule for a demented Satanic transdimensional flight. Structurally it is an ugly item of airtight suffocation designed to kill the victim with swift robotic austerity. It is easily cleaned--no shit nor puke nor drool of the victim can stain its metal wonder for long, buddy. It is a metal remnant of the type of thinking that has produced the rack and the screw, the dunking stool, the fragmentation bomb, defoliation, oil slicks and other items of cruelty.

What's it like to die in the gas chamber? A question that doubtless has filled your minds with hours of uneasy curiosity. Well, here it is, some data that you've all been ahunger for some glimpses of the filthiest ritual of all, the rite of the imposition of capital punishment.

Although it is difficult to perceive it in Los Angeles, the judiciary in the United States has more or less put a moratorium on the death penalty. Practically all European countries, where human consciousness has gone through centuries of hideous violence, have done away with capital punishment. Seven teen states in the U.S. have no death penalty--except in the case of killing of policemen. In the State of California where 95 or so humans wait on Death Row for the issue to be decided in the courts, the problem is that there are no legal rules which will indicate whether a person is to receive life imprisonment or the death penalty. California has a bifurcated trial system for murder cases; that is, after the trial is over and the jury has decided the question of guilt or innocence--then, if the defendant is deemed guilty by the jury, there is the so-called penalty phase wherein the jury decides, so to speak, to thumb the defendant up or down, life or death. The penalty phase is really a trial itself, where the defendants try to show through the testimony of witnesses (Mom, Dad, former Sunday School teachers, etc.) why they should not get the gas chamber. There are no guidelines for the jury to follow in deciding life or death, so a juror may vote for death on whimsy, because of race (although around 10% of the general population, Blacks account for more than half of the capital punishment cases), because the defendant is not remorseful enough (for instance, it really works against a defendant to continue to protest his innocence in the penalty phase because, in effect, he or she is telling the jury that they are schmucks and wrongly found him guilty). The jury then can say to themselves, "This creep is not remorseful and furthermore he's challenging me; I'm gonna gas him." --or because the defendant picks his nose. In the case of Manson and the three girl defendants, the jury has this incredible horde of testimony in mind, dealing with dope, sex orgies and chop. Where are the witnesses that can erase sex-chop from a prime spot in the feelings of these jurors if ever there should be a penalty trial?

The condemned girl or man leaves Death Row and is brought down the elevator from Death Row in handcuffs clipped to a leather belt at the waist. He/she will spend the last 17 hours of life in a so-called Holding Room or "Ready Room." There are two holding cells because the State of California saw fit to design a gas chamber that could fulfill the American dream of efficiency and economy: for two mammals can be gassed at once in the chamber.

Twenty-two witnesses get to throng outside the gas chamber in front of a guard rail during an execution to see through four (you'd better believe it) airtight windows the victim get snuffed. These so-called witnesses are there to see that the law of the State is carried out with truth, justice and dignity. Printed invitations are sent out for these choice box seats in the citadel of drool.

Only half of the gas chamber is exposed to the witnesses. You will note that the victims have their backs to the witnesses, for only the warden and the prison doctor get the honor of watching the victim's face as he/she dies. On the railing in the witness room is a sign, "Keep Outside Railing At All Times"--evidently silent indication that there was an over-eager witness at some execution that got too close to the event.

On the other side of the wall from the witness room is the so-called Preparation Room, containing a rounded entrance to the chamber that looks like the door to an airplane. There is a narrow passageway about ten feet long leading from the chamber to the Holding Room area. The condemned victim(s) cannot see the gas chamber until they are led into this ten foot passageway. How merciful is honk.

During the seventeen hours of waiting to be murdered, the murderer lies dressed in new blue trousers and blue shirt and cloth slippers. He usual-

G A S

does the big job better for less



ly is besieged with chaplains and officials during his/her final hours. The officials are particularly concerned that the victim "die like a Man." Of course, in the modern era of dope and thorazine, this can be accomplished through chemistry. In any case, the chaplains and officials file various reports before the execution trying to predict whether or not the condemned person will pull a freak scene or will be a true American and tap dance down the hall eagerly to his death.

Early in the morning of the execution, honk occupies itself with the precise ritual of brick-out. After all, the cyanide eggs must be counted and wrapped so carefully in cheesecloth. An officer wearing rubber gloves must hang the death-nads, the eggs of cyanide on mechanical arms beneath the death chair in the chamber. They must measure the acid and pour it into the receptacles that channel it into the buckets.

The phone line from the outside must be checked to see if it is in good operating condition in the event of some last-minute reprieve. The officers on the so-called "death watch" receive some sort of extra freaky-duty pay when they participate in an execution. The Lieutenant in charge gets \$150, the executioner \$125, the two guards \$75 each, and the Chaplain \$50.

No longer can a victim get whiskey before the execution--not to think, even, of some grass or hash! They can get a cigarette and some coffee, though, as of the true American Way, Buddy.

The execution is scheduled to commence at 10 a.m. Around 9:50 a.m. the guards check the door to the gas chamber--opening and closing it and checking the pressure--to be sure there is a perfect seal. For verily the officials do not want to get wasted in a seep scene.

The two death watch guards take the traditional green carpet and roll it out and around the corner down to the door of the chamber so that the victim won't have to walk his last steps upon cold concrete.

The Doctor of the prison walks up and utters the victim's full name--you know, like "Richard Allen McVictim." the full legal name you only hear when you are in trouble. The warden comes up for a few words--perhaps he asks you if there are any last words from the condemned man or woman, you know, for the benefit of the thirsty media if they should ask the warden later on. The warden shakes the victim's hands. Thanks for everything, warden baby.

The warden and the doctor walk to the preparation room. It is time for the changing of the clothes. Two guards unlock the door to the victim's cell to supervise the changing. A Doctor joins them. His/her heartbeat is located. A beat-detector is strapped on his/her chest. He then puts on a white shirt for a neat appearance, the black rubber tube of the detector hanging out from the neatness. He attires himself, or if unwilling the guards attire him, in fresh blue denim trousers. He wears no underwear, shoes or stockings. Now he gets to smoke his last Pall Mall.

At 10:00 a.m., the warden flips a signal from his important death post just outside the gas chamber. Any minute. The chaplain says adios. The victim walks down the hall, grabs a right, walks down the narrow creepway to the chamber, steps up over the lip of the device, glances at the horde of witnesses outside staring in honkhood, and sits down. The fabric straps are tightened--one on his waist, one across his chest, one over his/her legs and one over his/her forearms. An officer then attaches a long length of rubber tubing to the black detect-tube hanging out of his white shirt--so that the Doctor can listen in on the wild flutter of the sacrificed victim's heart and determine when it shall have justly ceased to exist. This heart tube leads out to the good Doctor listening there on the other side of the tank. The window that the Doctor and the Warden watch the death through has a venetian blind so that the eyes of the retching victim can be avoided.

After they strap the soon-deceased into the metal chair, one of the guards, usually at 10:02 a.m., is wont to tell the victim something like, "Take a deep breath as soon as you smell the gas--it will make it easier for you." ("How the fuck would you know!?" is what Barbara Graham is legended to have replied, when her guard said that.) One of the guards touches the victim's shoulders, says goodbye, or good luck, and the guards walk out of the death trap. The steel door is closed and screwed tight.

The warden is the official executioner. He stands outside with the "Chief Medical Officer for San Quentin," who wears his stethoscope headset, both carrying clip boards and pencils. Around 10:03 a.m., the warden nods and the Sergeant pulls the lever that drops the mortal turds into the acid. Plop plop.

In ten or twenty seconds the gas builds up in sufficient potency so that, according to honk, the victim lapses into total unconsciousness. Reporters one has interviewed who have witnessed executions say that there are screams, coughing, hacking, wild facial grimaces and drool. Drool is the chief event. The murdered human loses control over his system, drooling and drooling and drooling. The body slumps. The heart flutters like a maniac bird. Witnesses themselves often get sick, lurching away from the watch railing.

The doctor, after 8 to 10 minutes, finally senses the stillness of the heart (although the victim still could be revived to life if doctors would work on him/her. For instance, a stay of execution came in for Caryl Chessman just as they were dropping the pellets, but the warden let him die because the execution had already begun)--the doctor hears the stillness, notes the time on his clip board, takes off his headset and Death is. The witnesses sign the register and file outside. The gas is sucked out of the chamber; the puke and defecation, if any, is hosed from the metal; the body is hauled away for the relatives or for the dissection lab or the medical school.

Capital punishment is disgusting. Isn't it time to crush that cruel nose-cone at San Quentin in the jaws of the nearest auto compact or in the nearest junkyard?

And as for the living, it is time in America to become civilized--especially this state of California which possesses 6,000,000 hand guns--it is time to stop yodeling with the cruel shrieks of barbarity. The spiritual scream crosses the Nile. A friend recently was talking to some girls who attend the American School in Cairo, learning secretarial skills evidently so that they can work for some of the U.S. oil companies in the Arab countries. They didn't know much about the current scene in America and were even unaware of the Beatles. One of the girls asked my friend, "John Lennon? Isn't he the one who killed Sharon Tate?" No, he isn't; he's the one that says give peace a chance.

By Ed Sanders
Los Angeles Free Press

Rita Buscari, interviewed by Studs Terkel outside of the Cook County Jail at 26th and California. She was collecting signatures on a clemency petition for Paul Crump, who had been in Death Row for nine years:

After about two hours, I was able to know who was going to sign my petition and who wasn't. It's like Times Square out there. There are families coming, they've got kids in trouble, people coming out of County Jail, being released. I found invariably that the people that were eager, were proud to sign, were the poor people; the people who were in trouble, whose kids were in trouble.

I'd go up to a group that would be standing, waiting for a bus, and ask them. At first you'd get this: "What? You want me to sign? Am I important? Would my name be important?" "Oh, yes," you know, and you'd explain that every name is important. And they would sign. And a couple of women, they would actually start crying, and say, "Do you think this will do any good?" And we were saying, "Well, we hope so."

The people that refused to sign, were all the better-dressed people, the officials. And they'd look at you with such coldness, you know, and such resentment, like what are you trying to do? What are you trying to prove?

I took a tour through County Jail one time and when we saw the women, you know, the women are in one cell group. There were about a hundred of these women lying around, combing each other's hair and playing cards. I said, "This is one of the most awful things I've ever seen." And the others all said to me, "What do you want, Rita? What do you want to do with them, let them run wild? These are prostitutes, these are dope addicts, what do you want? This is better, we keep them all penned up."

And this was the attitude I would meet on the street. The poor would say, "Don't kill the man." I discovered, which is often the case, that the poor found it in their hearts to forgive. Whereas, the pure, the middle class, you know, haven't got it any more. Somewhere along the line, they've lost it. Like, you know, as if Paul Crump sitting there is a threat to them, and they had to keep the status quo. Don't rock the boat in any way.

The others, the dignity with which they signed this. Many of them were the young gang-member set. You'd rather cross the street than approach them, because they looked terrifying. Even they were like little children as they signed their names. With such pride, with such dignity.

(continued from page 3)

hundreds of thousands of civilians have been checked by military intelligence in the last four years, and how files exist on tens of thousands of these people. Stein told of "delimitation luncheons," where official policy against sharing espionage information is circumvented through "informal" exchanges between Army intelligence officers, local police, and agents concerned with gathering intelligence for other federal, state and local agencies. Stein also told of photographs of demonstrations, taken by campus security police at a Wisconsin college campus, which were as a matter of course turned over to Army intelligence.

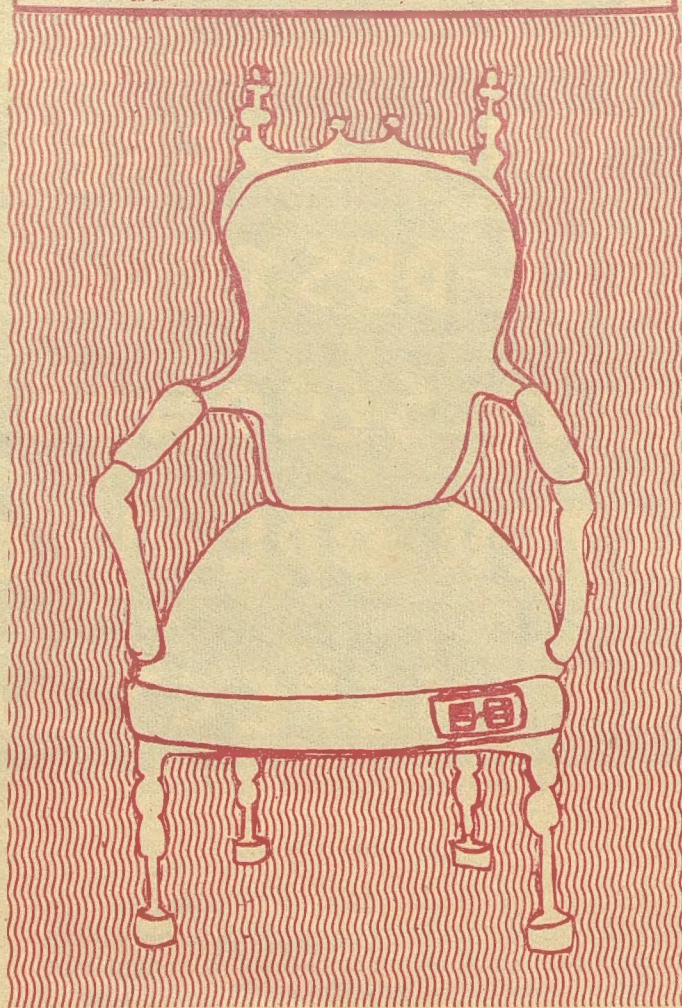
And so it goes. Following this month's disclosures by O'Brien, who, incidentally, claims that the Evanston spying activity is directed by (and all information sent to) the supposedly defunct Holabird computer, the military was quick to deny the charges. Richard "let me make one thing perfectly clear" Nixon added that such spying was "inconceivable. Absolutely not going on in any way at this time." Now Melvin Laird is trying to cool things out by taking over final control of Army spying himself. This is supposed to be a big switch from the military (the Joint Chiefs of Staff) to civilians (the Secretary of Defense), all within the one happy Nixon administration.

Why all the sudden hullabaloo over spying? It's nothing new; even Bobby Kennedy is acknowledged to have ordered Justice Department snooping on his good friend Martin Luther King, not to mention his incredible vendetta against Jimmy Hoffa. Part of the answer, of course, lies in the targets of this particular escapade. Radicals, civil rights leaders and mafiosi are one thing—but elected officials are clearly another, especially when those officials are Congressmen. It should be noted, then, that the cry of outrage from public officials has nothing to do with the principal of Army spying. Although most good liberals are on record against surveillance of civilians, Ab Mikva wasn't calling for the impeachment of the President of the United States when dozens of government spies presented their case against the Chicago 8.

A second issue has to do with the fact of military spying. Everyone knows that dozens of local, state and federal agencies are engaged in spying on most anyone with strongly held or expressed opinions on national matters, but when it turns out that the military is involved, images of "Seven Days in May" are conjured up—and Melvin Laird is not nearly as likeable as Burt Lancaster. Military surveillance is a mindblower to liberal America, because most liberal Americans like to regard the military as a separate—and subservient—branch of government, carrying out the will of the elected offi-



Live Better Electrically



There were about forty of us went down there to protest James Dukes' execution (Dukes, convicted of murder, died in the electric chair that night—ed.). We had a very orderly, and I think, dignified picket line. We marched in two's up and down, very quiet. We rarely spoke to each other. But across the street were about two hundred people in their cars with the

doors open, the radios blarin' out rock'n'roll music, with beer cans and with sandwiches. They were there all evening, and very often there would be jeers at us from across the street.

I was marching with a Northwestern student, who goes down to protest every time there's an execution. Every single one. He said no matter how cold it is, there are approximately the same number of people. He believes they're there because the lights dim in the building, which isn't true, because the chair is rigged up to a different electrical system.

They stay there until the body is brought out in an ambulance. You get the feeling, you know, that this was the instinct that sent people to the Colosseum in Rome. And it's here, right here and now, present in our society. Warden Johnson said people call up and ask for tickets. Well, if tickets were sold, I'm sure it would be a sellout house every single time.

It was so brutish. I was marching with pacifists and ministers, and the quiet of these people compared to the crowd across the street gave it a nightmarish quality. At the time of the execution we all turned toward the jail and ceased conversation. And this was when the rhythm of the noise on the other side gained momentum. They had all the radios on, first of all because they wanted to hear the announcement. The sounds on the other side increased as our silence increased.

When the announcement came through on the radio, there was a big reaction across the street; Oh, that's over with. Oh, that's great. Especially toward us. It was a victory for them, you see? A great victory against the crackpots who were demonstrating across the street. You know: This is how much your demonstration has achieved, you're no place at all.

The next day, I read where Dukes had marked out a very moving passage, I believe it was Socrates—speeches before his death. He had marked out a particular passage to illustrate his feelings at the time. And this was the man who was being executed.

You have this awful feeling: Will we ever get through? Will we ever be able to explain to people? Are you ever going to overcome people's desire for punishment? Because, in a way, this gives them a sense of security. And you want to say we've got to learn to forgive. And they just stand there. I had seen the chair and I could picture the scene, and you feel very helpless. And you pray for the man's soul. As the warden said, actually these men die with such grace upon them. Actually their death is not the tragedy. The tragedy is the people across the street.

—Reprinted from *Division Street: America*, by Studs Terkel

cials in "safeguarding" the "national security." Of course the military is like an iceberg, nine-tenths submerged. When good libertarian Congressmen are treated to a brief glimpse of what goes on in the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense somewhere in the bowels of the world's largest office building—when they find that somewhere in that computer there is a data tape marked "U.S. Senators, Democratic—Adlai Stevenson III"—they wonder who is safeguarding what.

If anything, the current brouhaha is mostly a testimony to the ineptness of the military. The Pentagon apparently has several square miles of bullshit on tens of thousands of good, solid American citizens—along with its files on radicals (however defined). Most of this information is derived from uncritical reading of newspaper articles, superficial observations by untrained agents, and general unnuendo accumulated to make the career-minded supersleuth look efficient in the eyes of his superior. For example, the spying on Stevenson apparently began at a picnic at his Libertyville farm, when 007 took a telephoto of Jesse Jackson—already under surveillance—whispering something in Stevenson's ear. The agent sent the picture along to the computer, along with his observations of a "new relationship" between the two men.

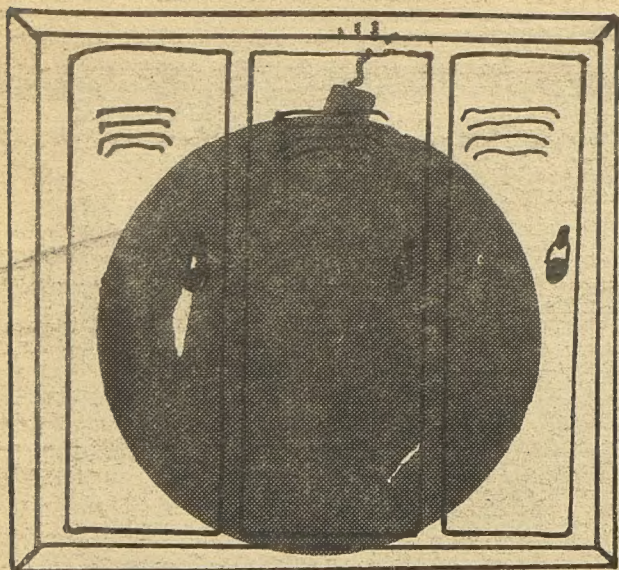


Of course, it would be foolish for us to ignore the real dangers that the movement faces from government spying and infiltration. The more people become turned on to the revolution, the more undercover agents there are among us—as both informers and provocateurs. They've already succeeded in some cases in setting people up for busts (as in the Panther 21 trial in New York) and in spreading suspicion and in-fighting within movement organizations. At the same time the government is trying to become more technologically efficient in dealing with us—already people who are hassled on the streets by the police are having their names checked against a central "wanted" file in a computer in Washington, with the answers coming back within 15 minutes. It seems almost a certainty that the feds are trying to work up a list of people to be picked up and held in detention camps when the shit really comes down.

But in the final analysis, the Army just doesn't know how to cope with a movement that is essentially leaderless and increasingly underground. Bobby Seale said, "you can jail a revolutionary, but you can't jail the revolution." It is characteristic of the military to think that by uncovering the movement COSVN it can pacify the masses. Even the cost to individual revolutionaries is two-edged: after spending millions of dollars in an attempt to jail 8 revolutionaries on trumped-up charges of conspiracy, the government watched the movement grow ever larger and more militant, fed by daily accounts of the atrocities committed in Julie Hoffman's courtroom; and the defendants still have not been jailed on the original charges. In a sense, Army intelligence rates three cheers for strengthening the movement it is seeking to destroy: in its blundering attempt to gather information on anyone who disagreed with its commander-in-chief, the military dinosaur has once again tripped over its own clumsy feet.

The pattern is old and predictable. A major mistake occurs, in which some particularly heinous atrocity comes to the public eye (be it the My Lai massacres or POW raid fuck-ups or spying on U.S. Senators); a wave of denials from public officials—both military (in this case Army Secretary Resor) and civilian (Defense Secretary Laird)—puts the legitimacy of the government on the line; the allegations turn out to be true; and the "credibility gap" becomes a chasm. A few more people decide that the "duly elected officials" of this country are hypocrites and liars, and become indifferent to—if not openly sympathetic with—the actions of revolutionaries; the kids say "I told you so" and go off to Weather Central to deal on their own terms with the 113th MIG at 2231 W. Howard Street.

—Rich



It's the middle of winter and a lot of this news consists of downers. The reason isn't the winter, the reason is you, the students. Everyone knows high school students are oppressed, especially high school students. Everyone doesn't work towards resisting and smashing that oppression. Everyone should.

More papers should be coming out. Student unions should exist at each school. You should be doing actions at your school, and calling/writing in the information to the Chicago Area High School Press Service (for the present c/o Harry High School at the Seed) for publication in high school papers around Chicago, in the Seed, and for broadcast on Radio Free Chicago.

Start doing things. The High School Radical Union will soon have a mimeograph machine and is now in the process of organizing the press service, a high school conference, and possibly a liberation school. You have time, energy, students waiting to strike and walkout, mouths, pens, hands, spray paint, and anything else you want to get bad enough...like freedom, an education, and a life.

NILES: Nancy (Tripp), a teacher fired from Niles East last year for her "radical" teaching methods, is being rehired by Niles High School. It is not yet known which of the three Niles schools Nancy will teach at or what subjects she will teach. Talk on specifics will begin early in January.

Nancy, John (Palm), and Judy (Pildes) were all fired from Niles last year when they let students decide their own curriculum, have discussions instead of lectures, come and go as they pleased, use first names with teachers, grade themselves, and do other logical things.

Major factors in the school's decision were probably massive walkouts, student-filled dismissal hearings, leafletting, and other actions last year...coupled with general student unrest and dissatisfaction this year.

NILES WEST: Students say that teachers here won't get involved with students because they're afraid of losing their jobs. Classes are getting worse and the students are suffering.

Study halls have been abolished and replaced by rooms that kids report to during free periods. Study halls were supposedly discontinued because of space problems. That makes the fact that the classrooms take up more room than the study halls did pretty odd.

Rent-A-Mommies--mothers paid to be hall guards--now grace this lucky school. AAANND, not only have all the study halls been locked up, but all the washrooms have been locked also.

Attempts to start a day care center here failed because of lack of interest and cooperation.

MARIA: The student council of Maria, a Catholic girls school, made a big decision last week. They decided that women could wear chokers with their uniforms.

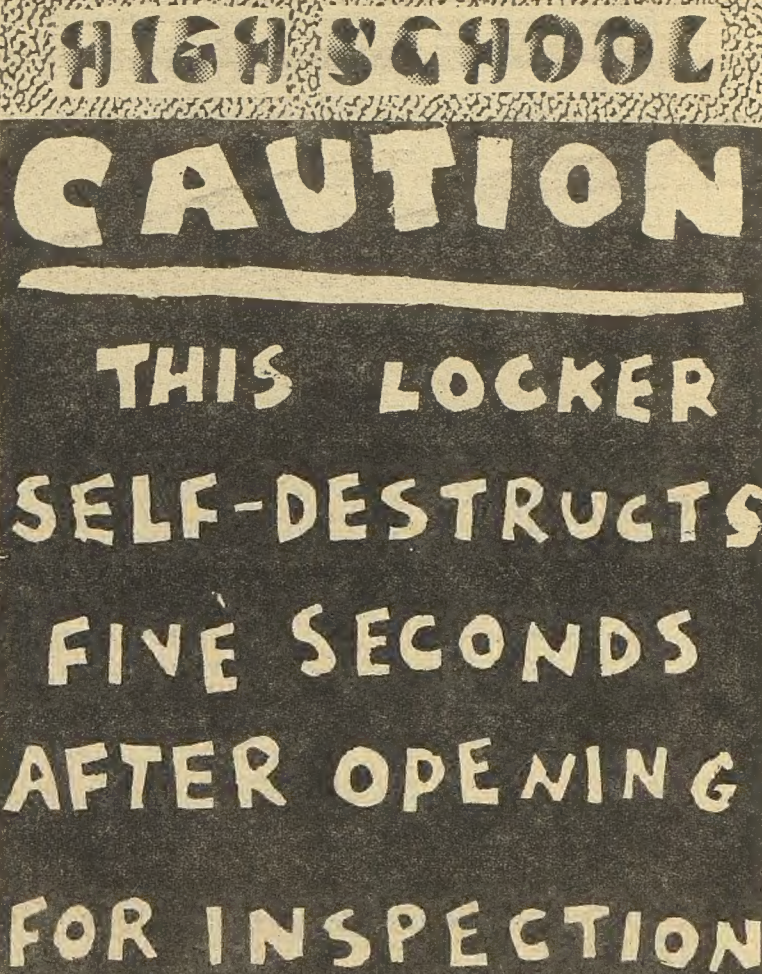
NEW TRIER EAST: New Trier East has had a lot of people busted for dope and suspended for smoking. There seems to be a lot of police harassment of freaks in the area.

During a recent bomb threat, all the students were locked into the school's football field so they would be away from the school and also unable to ditch.

And finally, a candidate for the Apple Pie Party was elected student council vice-president at New Trier East. The platform of the Apple Pie Party slate was "out of total incompetence we can best serve the students."

FOREMAN: Lou Cantacessi was suspended from Foreman High School for three days, supposedly for ditching. Afterwards, while Lou was having it out with the Assistant Principal, the warden said he didn't want Lou "recruiting revolutionaries" and that he didn't need a reason for the suspension.

GAGE PARK: Reports have it that a guy on the first floor of Gage Park High School who sports a mustache and goes to great lengths to seem cool is a nark and/or undercover agent.



This Is A Poster For Use On Your Favorite Lockers. (FPS)

EVANSTON: Toehold, Evanston High School's underground newspaper, didn't come out with its third issue before school let out for winter vacation. What happened is that Continental Trailways graciously consented to lose the three thousand copies of the paper while they were being sent back to Evanston from the printer downstate. Toehold has decided to sue Continental Trailways.

LAKE FOREST: A part-time student who is an elected member of the Lake Forest school student council has been kicked out of the council and kicked out of school. The student takes an independent study course at the high school and takes the rest of his classes at Northwestern University.

The administration of Lake Forest threatened to permanently disband the student council if this student was not "voluntarily" voted out. The council, running wild, voted him out. The school then promptly told him not to return to the council and not to return to school. The student refused and proceeded to give an involved speech about how the school and administrators were fucked up.

Meanwhile, the dean called the local pigs who, of course, showed up after the guest of honor had split. People at the school got leaflets out the next afternoon and some type of action is being planned as we go to press.

BOGAN: Women are being stopped in the sacred and hallowed halls of Bogan by school officials for wearing bluejeans and mickey-mouse shirts. They are told that they have to come back with their parents if they wear bluejeans again.

It's kind of interesting that men walking past the very same disciplinarians that stop the women aren't hassled. Students are planning to make January 4, the first day after winter vacation, bluejean day at the school...rendering the jean rule unenforceable.

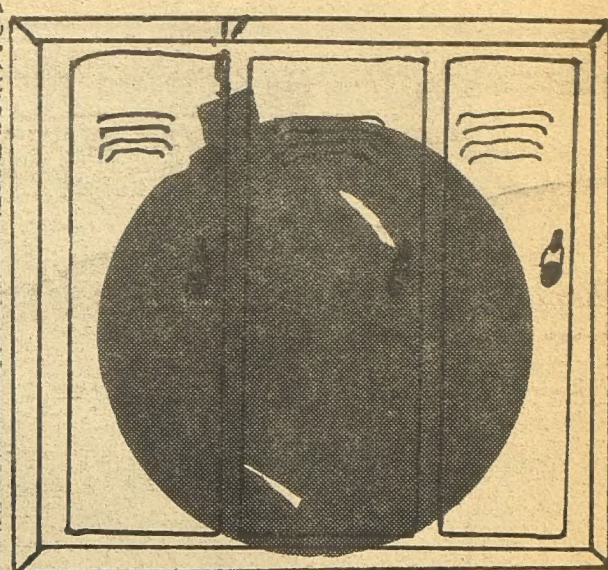
NORTH SHORE COUNTRY DAY: Remember last December 4 when 30,000 kids struck high schools throughout Chicago? Well, at North Shore Country Day, a suburban private school, they did it the "if it's ok with the principal" way. It wasn't, so they didn't strike.

HUBBARD: Larry, publisher of "The Truth" at Hubbard, was suspended from school for thirty days because of the paper. He was readmitted a few days afterwards with the understanding that he wouldn't put out the paper any more.

The second issue came out the next day.

MAINE EAST: Those caught engaging in obscene and perverted sex acts, such as holding hands in the hall, get suspended at Maine East, one of Chicago's more radical schools.

PROSSER: Some students at Prosser Vocational on the northwest side played the Underground Paper Quiz Game with their principal. They asked the principal the age-old "can we put out an underground paper" question, to which they received the age-old "you can join the existing school paper...but you must remember that obscenities are no-no's" answer. In the end, Prosser's warden admitted that he couldn't stop the kids from putting out a paper.



KENWOOD: Kenwood High School on the South Side has been blessed with a fair amount of fire-alarms and bomb threats lately. Students are trying to start a black student union under the guise of a mild-mannered Afro-American History Club.

HOMEWOOD-FLOSSMORE, RICH EAST, RICH CENTRAL: The first issue of the "Sum-Times" put out on December 15 was banned from Rich Central High School...until the school was threatened with a court injunction. The paper's second issue will be out in February. People at Bloom, Marion and Hillcrest High Schools who want to help on the "Sum-Times" should contact Harry High School at the Seed.

LAKE PARK: The following is a list of rules for S.Q.S.H. (supervised quiet study hall) at Lake Park High School. S.Q.S.H. is the routine punishment for things like tardiness and ditching at the school.

1. No talking at any time. This includes during, before, after and in between mods. This room must remain perfectly quiet at all times.
 2. No games of any type. This obviously includes card playing.
 3. No radios or record players.
 4. Newspaper reading is prohibited. This also includes magazines. You must study or work on school related materials only.
 5. Students on unscheduled time in SQSH will not receive a "break."
 6. Students are not allowed to "loungue." Sit facing the back of the room. Feet must be on the floor. The condition of chairs has deteriorated greatly.
 7. No eating at all times must prevail.
 8. Do not move the chairs. They must face the back of the room.
- Please observe the spirit of these rules as well as the letter of the rule. Any violation will be dealt with severely.

Besides all that, the school's dean, August Pasquini, is a part-time Roselle policeman.

RESEDA HIGH SCHOOL, RESEDA, CALIFORNIA: Liberation News Service reports that men wanting to wear shoulder-length hair at Reseda High School have to carry a special card signed, sealed, and delivered by the administration. To get a little card, men must bring to the school a release signed by their parents saying that they approve of long hair.

FPS: FPS, the nationwide high school radical press service, has moved. Write them at 3210 N. Grace St. N.W., Washington D.C. 20007. They are coming out bi-weekly, cost one dollar for six packets, and want information about what you're doing.

Need we say that weekly services of the High School Radical Union are held on Sunday afternoons at 2 p.m. in the Alice's Revisited Memorial Chapel, 950 W. Wrightwood. Those interested in doing things at their schools and on a Chicago-wide basis should come each week.

If you need help with a paper, student union, suing the school, or if you'd just like to tell us what's going on at your school, get in touch with Harry High School at the Seed. You can call at 929-0133 or write to 950 W. Wrightwood, Chicago 60614.

High school news is heard on Radio Free Chicago each Thursday night-Friday morning and Saturday night-Sunday morning after midnight at 105 fm.

Harry
High
School



A policeman waving a banker across the street

MARIJUANA MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs has finished a national policy statement warning that smoking marijuana can lead to all sorts of scary stuff. According to an advance draft, grass can cause birth deformations, brain dislocations, psychoses, violence and loss of will. The report also links the use of marijuana to bad school grades, drinking, smoking, and "early or steady dating."

The statement calls smoking grass "a defiant act against the 'Establishment.' It is the drug of choice, though illegal, perhaps because it is illegal, of groups which span the whole spectrum of dissent and protest."

"NO KNOCK" MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO THEIRS

In Phoenix, Arizona, the police decided to take advantage of a "no knock" law and raid a house where they suspected that some freaks were stashing dope. After a two-week stake-out, they suspended the surveillance for two days while they got a search warrant from a local judge. During those two days the landlord evicted the freaks and rented the place to a middle-aged married couple. The pigs came back, assuming that the freaks were still there, and raided the house at 1:30 in the morning. The husband figured that his home was being broken into by burglars and opened fire with a rifle, wounding one policeman before he was shot himself. After the raid, the police sergeant said that it was all only "a misunderstanding."

THE WONDERS OF FREE ENTERPRISE

Jiffy Foods Corporation used to put 40% meat and 60% gravy into its frozen meat dishes until it realized that it was selling pound-and-a-half packages at higher prices than its chief competitor got for two-pound packages (with 25% meat and 75% gravy). So Jiffy started using its competitor's formula, and Bernard J. Erenstien, Jiffy president, was happy to report that company profits rose 329%.



A cop approaching a picket line

LIFE IN SUBURBIA

The white-minority government of Rhodesia has proposed a new law which would authorize the expulsion of Asians and mullattos from their homes in white suburbs. The "property owners' residential protection bill" would give the Rhodesian president the power to set aside "exclusive" residential areas. If an area owned by people of one "denomination" were "infiltrated" by people of another "denomination," an application could be filed by 15 homeowners to have it declared an exclusive area.

Rhodesia already has the Land Tenure Act, which makes it illegal for black people to live in white neighborhoods and divides up the country into equal areas for the five million Africans and the 230,000 whites.

HAVE YOUR CAKE AND SMOKE IT TOO

Mrs. Lesley Greco of Poole, England, wanted her 21st birthday party to be a success, so she baked a cake with some grass inside. "It was just a lark, a bit of fun," she explained. "I thought it would make the party go with a swing. Sometimes they can be a bit of a drag."

Just to be on the safe side, she called up her guests to tell them in advance about the cake. But one of them called the police, and they raided her apartment just before the party and took the cake. The judge fined her \$240 for possession of a dangerous drug and ordered that the cake be destroyed.

Mrs. Greco complained that "the party was an utter failure because police watched the flat all evening."



CLAIM COLLEGE COMMITTED COERCION

A special state grand jury investigating a confrontation at Hobart College last summer has indicted the college on criminal charges of first-degree coercion. The indictment accuses Hobart, through two of its "high managerial agents" (the college president and the dean of men), of "recklessly tolerating certain conduct constituting the offense of coercion."

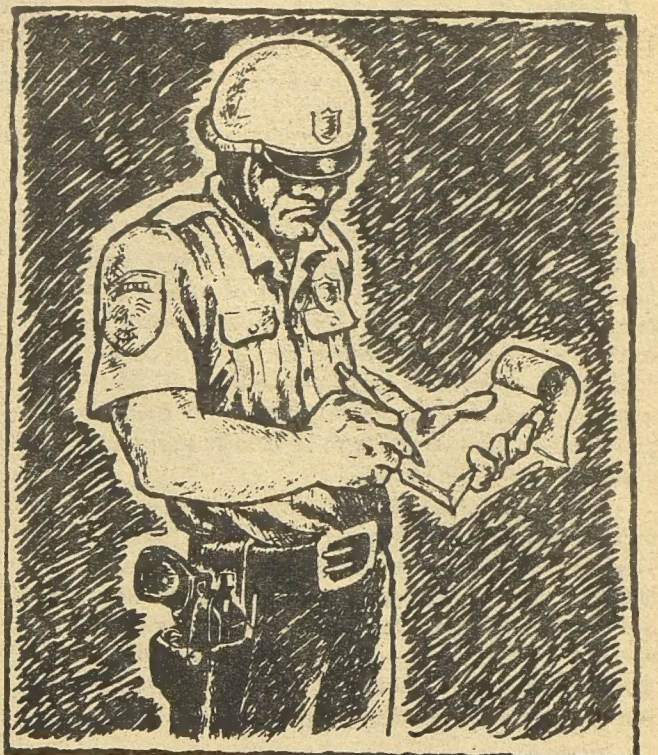
Last June 5 police and county sheriff deputies staged a drug raid on campus and busted three students. But before they could leave, a crowd of students surrounded their patrol cars and forced them to let the prisoners go, with a promise of amnesty. One of the reasons that the students were set free was that the D.A. was worried that something would happen to Thomas Tongyai (Tommy the Traveler), an undercover pig on the Hobart campus.

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME

The No. 2 man in the Justice Department says that he would recommend that any officials except for the President, Vice-President and their families be sacrificed rather than exchanged for if they were kidnapped by guerrillas. Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst said that "there's no way you can protect everyone--the Cabinet, senators, congressmen.... It would be better to make one sacrifice. Then there would never be another incident."

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Nineteen actors and actresses were busted in New Orleans for "crimes" that they supposedly committed during a performance of "Marat-Sade." The police charged them with crimes against nature, use of obscenity, contributing to the delinquency of a minor, indecent behavior with a juvenile and battery. The battery charge resulted from one woman hitting the actor playing De Sade on the back with her hand. The original script called for her to use a whip, but the play had already been toned down.



An officer writing a speeding ticket

GRANT GRANTED ASYLUM

West Germany has given political asylum to James Grant, a black American army deserter, because he has been "racially persecuted." The court ruled that Grant's desertion and his refusal to fight in Vietnam were irrelevant to the case--what was important was that he had been persecuted by the Army and that racial discrimination is illegal in Germany. The Army transferred Grant to Maryland in 1967 because he wanted to marry a German woman and then tried to ship him off to Vietnam.

The case was the first of its kind in Germany and could open the country up as a haven for black deserters.

THE GENERAL AND J.E.

Those swinging stars of the law'n'order biz have come through for us again. Jedgar Hoover started it off in his inimitable style by telling Time magazine that "you never have to bother about an American President being shot by a Puerto Rican or Mexican. They don't shoot very straight. But if they come at you with a knife, beware." And John Mitchell (you remember him--Martha's husband) replied that Hoover wasn't really making a racist remark. "You have to read the statement in context," Mitchell said. "I wouldn't try to impede Mr. Hoover's freedom of speech. Until he comes to the point where he is doing something improper, and he has not come anywhere near reaching that point, he can say anything he wants to."

SERGEANT PRESTON REVISITED

It looks like this time the Mounties aren't going to get their man (or woman). Royal Canadian Mounted Police and Canadian immigration agents have raided dozens of communes in British Columbia but haven't been able to find even one of the fugitives from American "justice" they were looking for.

The FBI seems to think that people in the underground are hiding out in remote areas in western Canada. All border guards have been given photos of the fugitives, and wanted posters have been distributed throughout Canada.



A pig patrolling the black community

THEY CAN'T TAKE US ONE BY ONE —

WE WON'T GO ONE BY ONE!

DePaul Law School, the institution that gave you Conspiracy co-prosecutor Richard Schultz and thousands of other attorneys, is not quite the place that leaps into your head when you think of student protest. Yet those of you with TVs may have seen a press conference a week ago in which the participants wore suits and ties instead of headbands and beads. More important, you may have learned about the first successful student-power strike to be held in a professional school in recent history.

Leigh Taylor and Edward Bennet are long-haired, mustachioed instructors at the DePaul Law School. Taylor, 29, is a former U.S. Attorney (Civil Rights Division), Bennet, 27, edited the Law Review while at Pennsylvania's Dickinson College. Both have been on the DePaul faculty for about a year and a half. Both wouldn't have made the two year mark had it not been for an aroused student body.

Taylor and Bennet were not the favorites of the older, more conservative faculty members. Both had cancelled classes after Kent State. Both dug teaching more than talking to other professors. Both had received "excellent" ratings in the December, 1969, student evaluations published in the Law Paper, ratings in sharp contrast to the 0's received by more than one of their senior colleagues. Both were left-liberal and forward-looking.

The American Association of Law Professors requires that contracts for the forthcoming school year be filed by the first of January. Around Thanksgiving, rumors began circulating around the halls of DePaul that neither Taylor nor Bennet would be retained by the Committee on Tenure and Promotion. Outraged that the full professors who comprised the committee would dump two student favorites on the heels of retaining two other teachers characterized by one student as "shitheads," the Student Bar circulated a "petition of competence" calling for the rehiring of the long-haired lawyers. 550 out of 700 enrolled stu-

dents signed the petition, but on Friday, December 4th, the committee announced that Taylor and Bennet were unemployed as of February.

The student response was immediate and united. Student Bar called on the Day Division to strike. Nearly all 500 students did so. A request for the Night school to follow suit pulled most of the remaining 200 enrollees out of classes. A joint day-night committee was formed to secure reinstatement, or at very least learn the reason for the firings.

The student committee drew up a list of five demands and a plan to implement them sequentially during each day of the coming week. The plan looked like this:

Monday: 5000 letters asking alumni to withhold funds.

Tuesday: A mass request for transcripts designed to halt business-as-usual at the administration office.

Wednesday: The opening of an escrow fund at a nearby bank in which students would deposit next term's tuition.

Thursday: A trip to Washington, D.C., to request that the American Association of Law Schools send an arbitrator and an investigator to DePaul. The arbitrator would hear out both sides and render a decision; the investigator would be asked to check out the bureaucratic rugs under which all universities sweep their white lies and deals.

Friday: A violation-of-civil-rights suit would be filed in Federal District Court.

On Tuesday, the administration agreed to a hearing to be held in closed chambers. Only the two instructors, their student attorneys, and a few other students would be allowed into the session. The hearing had some Kangaroo overtones, since the hiring committee would vote in secret, and only the President of the school would see the results. The hearing lasted from

2:30 to midnight, Wednesday. While all the participants had to take oaths of secrecy, the Seed's super-intelligence network managed to learn what went down. Neither teacher was charged with incompetence. In fact, the faculty committee admitted that they were pretty good academically. Taylor was accused of not taking attendance and never flunking a freshman.

Freshmen, Bennet was condemned for a letter in the Law Paper in which he ran down some of the school's shortcomings, and for cursing a school official after he'd been refused support in a criminal libel suit filed by a student he'd flunked for cheating. Both were chided for allegedly "politicizing" their classes.

Student attorneys and witnesses reportedly managed to refute all these charges. In the course of the proceedings, it came out that several members of the DePaul faculty wanted Taylor's scalp because of a study he'd conducted on how blacks could be brought into and aided during their involvement with the Law School. Reputedly, one of Taylor's key findings had been that widespread racism existed within the faculty, and it seems that he'd stepped on more than a few toes by filing his findings with the school president instead of allowing them to be lost in the bureaucratic shuffle. The firings appeared to be due more to revenge and "guilt" by association than to any concrete failings.

On Thursday, the results of the faculty vote were announced. Both Taylor and Bennet were rehired. The Seed's source expressed some doubt over whether the decision was that of the faculty committee or of the President (the only person to see the results), but he and others feel that the nature of the bureaucracy at DePaul and other professional schools is now out in the open. They hope that their success in retaining two good teachers and in forging a student alliance which radicalized many conservative lawyers-to-be can serve as a precedent at a time when academic repression stretches from Angela Davis' cell to Spiro Agnew's mouth.

Friar Tuck



GOIN' TO THE COUNTRY

The first action called by the Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front in its attempt to "take over" Alpine County, California, failed to come off. According to the county sheriff, no people from LA showed up in Markleeville, the county seat, for a town meeting called to explain the movement.

GLF wants to use Alpine County as a cultural and social center to help out all gay people. Its strategy is to have enough gay people move in to be able to outvote the local residents, re-call all the current officials, and elect a new supervisor, sheriff and judges. Right now the county, ten miles south of Lake Tahoe, has only 384 registered voters, and 1179 people have already signed up to move in.

Don Jackson, who started the Alpine project, claims that it will "do more to end the oppression of homosexuals than the combined efforts of the homophile groups during the past 20 years. Our success will put a fire under society to bring about the desired reforms, lest similar takeovers occur throughout the land."

But the way isn't at all clear for the project. Dr. Carl McIntire, fundamentalist bible-beater and leader of last summer's "March for Victory," says he will move in an army of "missionaries" in trailers, tents and campers to fight off the gay invasion and "preserve a decent government." The sheriff says they are organizing vigilante groups and that "a few of these critters will be found in the river sewed up in a flour sack." And the Alpine Superior Court Judge is issuing "queer hunting licenses" and has warned that "fruits aren't welcome up here."

Berkeley GLF has come out against the project as "separatist," and gay people in Detroit have charged that it's really "gay imperialism" because of its condescending attitude toward the local residents and Indians (who make up 48% of the county's population). But the project has been endorsed by other gay groups in San Francisco, Florida and New York.

MARK KNOPS OUT

A federal judge has set bail at \$1,000 for Mark Knops, editor of the Madison Kaleidoscope. Mark has been in jail since August 28 after being sentenced to six months for contempt of court.

Mark was jailed without bail after he refused to answer questions before a grand jury about the August 24 bombing of the University of Wisconsin's Army



Math Research Center. Kaleidoscope had run an article about the bombing, but Mark refused to reveal his sources of information, saying that as a newsman he had a constitutional right—under the First Amendment guaranteeing a free press—not to do so.

Liberal organizations such as the ACLU and the American Newspaper Guild have filed briefs and testified in Mark's defense. Guild member Jim Hougan, a reporter for the straight Madison Capitol-Times, said that "Attorney General Warren sees that it is politically desirable to have someone to put in jail. Knops is a political prisoner of the most corrupt kind."

Recent decisions about a reporter's right to withhold information have varied in different parts of the country. Last month a federal court in San Francisco upheld a New York Times reporter's right to refuse to give out the sources of an article he had written about the Black Panther Party.

FREE GLATKOWSKI!

Alvin Glatkowski, one of two American seamen who hijacked a U'S' ammunition ship headed for Vietnam, has turned himself in at the American embassy in Cambodia. He now faces charges of mutiny on the high seas (which carries a possible death sentence), assault, transporting kidnaped persons in foreign commerce, and neglect of duty. "I only regret I didn't sink the ship," he told reporters. "I still believe in the revolution in America and in the revolution in Cambodia."

After the hijacking last March, Glatkowski was allowed to stay in Cambodia but was unable to get political asylum in Sweden or a Communist country. He said that ever since he's been "paranoid about rumors that the Cambodians would hand us over to American authorities or expel us into South Vietnam where we believed the Americans would have us killed." He explained that he decided to throw himself on the mercy of an American court because of his fear of being "caught up in political undercurrents in Cambodia."

Glatkowski's partner in the hijacking escaped from his Cambodian guard and headed north with an American army deserter. Glatkowski said that the two of them hoped to join up with the Cambodian liberation forces.

"A TYPICAL CASE OF AMERICAN BLIND JUSTICE"

The Illinois Supreme Court has ruled that a 22-year-old deaf-mute who can't speak, hear, read or write must go on trial for murder. The defendant, Donald Lang, can't understand sign language either, so he can't communicate with his lawyer or anyone else.

According to Illinois law a defendant must be able to understand the charges against him and be able to cooperate with his defense lawyer to be tried. In 1966 a jury found Lang mentally and physically incompetent to stand trial, and he has been in Dixon State School ever since. But the Supreme Court has now ruled that Lang is competent because psychiatrists believe that he has normal intelligence, even though he's never learned any form of communication.

A spokesman for the state's attorney's office said he was worried that the prosecution would lose the case even if a jury convicts Lang. If Lang is tried without another competency hearing and is convicted, a defense lawyer could appeal on the grounds that he was really incompetent to stand trial. "Conversely," the spokesman said, "if we hold another competency hearing the result will be the same and we'll be right back where we are now."





WEINBERG'S ON WELLS
HAS:

Afghan Coats \$59

Western Shirts \$5

Jeans \$4.99

Custom Leather Articles

1706 W. WELLS

To those who frequent the record shops: know what you're getting into

You will have the opportunity to see and hear Elephant's Memory and Gypsy at Mod Expo '71, the first indoor pop festival to be held at the Chicago Amphitheatre on December 31, and January 1, 2 & 3.

Their albums "Gypsy" & "Take It To The Streets" are something to get into.





"Siegel"

"Schwall"

(part 2)



Part Two: In which we talk with Corky Siegel and Jim Schwall about the business called music....

Seed: Who's managing the band now ?

Corky: I'm doing all that stuff.

Seed: Do you think it's a good idea to have a band member doing the managing ?

Corky: Right now it's terrible because I don't have enough time to spend on my music. But this way, at least I know how the band is being represented, because I'm the one representing it and I know what's going on all the time. I think it's very important to deal honestly sincerely and fairly with people, and when you have someone running the business end for you, you're not guaranteed that people are going to be treated right in our name. There's a lot of groups around where the people in the group are real nice, but they've got a bad image because their manager's crooked. Dishonest? Crooked! If I had a manager who was, say...charging too high a price, it would be my responsibility to say something; I am responsible for his actions.

Jim: That goes all the way down. If you have a road manager who drags equipment across the stage and drops cymbals while another group is playing, no one's gonna remember that....Frank....dropped cymbals, they're just gonna remember that Siegel-Schwall is a bunch of jerks because they interrupted another group's act.

Corky: So we don't have a road manager, we do our own equipment moving. It's not that we don't need one or don't want one, it's just that we haven't found one to do the job the right way yet. Everyone in the group has dragged all the equipment up a flight of stairs at least one time.

Seed: I've been hearing all sorts of horror stories about the difficulty of getting gigs around Chicago these days. Do they hold true for you guys ?

Corky: Yes, there are very few places to work in Chicago right at this time because.....ahhh.....I don't know. It probably has a lot to do with the forthcoming depression. Right at the end of last summer, there was a period of about three weeks went about half a dozen clubs went under. Locally, there WERE a lot of places where we could work and where we liked working --- for instance, there was the Cellar in Arlington Heights, we could work there twice a month, and Heads Up in Round Lake, but all those places closed, so now, for local gigs, we're relying a lot on Wisconsin, especially around Madison and Milwaukee.

Seed: It seems incredible that in a city as large as Chicago and in a city where, apparently, a lot of people like to see live music, that the only thing that can bring those people out is an out-of-town or foreign band. I mean, 12,000 people went to see Ten Years After at the Syndrome....

Corky: Yeah, but that's true in any city. Well, no, it wasn't true in Frisco, that's the difference. Frisco was different. I remember hearing people say, "Hey, let's go hear Country Joe," even older people. It was an exciting thing, going to hear the Airplane....it's a lot what we're trying to do in Chicago. That's why we play the Quiet Knight every Tuesday; trying to make Tuesday night at Quiet Knight more than just coming to see a band...making it a social function --- and it is. A lot of people have come up here and heard us like thirty times. They're not just coming to hear us, they're coming for the vibrations.

Seed: You played the Syndrome; what do you think of places like the Syndrome. ?

Corky: OK, from the audience point of view...well, it's crowded, and any place that's crowded isn't going to be comfortable, but they know what it's like, and if they pay to go their anyway, then they can't complain. From the group's point-of-view, we're standing on stage looking out at 10,000 people....

Jim: But you can only see about 50 of them....

Corky: Right, but you know they're there, you can feel them....I mean, you get a chance to play for 10,000 people....and....it's run extremely well. They make it very comfortable for the groups. There's plenty of beer and pop around and there's no hassles at all.

Jim: Yeah, and the people who work the stage and the doors are all freaks, there aren't any bikers or Andy Frain ushers to contend with. No hassles, no arguments....

Seed: Speaking of bikers, how do you feel about festivals ?

Jim: We played at several; we played at Poynette, we played at Kickapoo, we played at Galena-Wadena. We were very lucky with festivals, we missed the bad weather and we missed the bad scenes.

Corky: As far as missing the bad scenes --- that was my own doing. I made sure that we got on early and that we got out early.

Jim: We managed to play them all on bright sunny days when everyone was still having a good time. It's probably a shame that they aren't going to happen anymore, but in another way it's a good thing, because all the ones we played, except for one, I got bad feelings about the way they were run. They were mostly run very sloppily, and, especially at the ones where bikers were doing the security, they got on strange trips and everyone got hassled. The one in Galena was the same scene as the Syndrome, whenever you turned around, everyone who was working there had long hair and was smiling....

Seed: The promoters of that copped out on paying a whole lot of people --- almost everyone, in fact.

Jim: Well, they ought to have the bread to pay before they promise anything. Galena had some nasty setbacks though, because no one knew if the state of Iowa was going to let them do it until after it had started.

Seed: Even the biggest rip-offs get so fucked over by the State governments that you get into a "My enemy's enemy is my friend" kind of head. But what I'm getting at by asking these questions is "where is it going to be possible to listen music". Places like the Syndrome may be a comfortable gig for you....

Corky:but not for the audience. Yeah, that's true.

Seed: Maybe you're not conscious of just how fucked up that place is: it's more than just crowded, it's got NO ventilation, there ain't shit in the way of emergency exits in case something should happen, the sound is terrible, and the PA fucked up one night and almost destroyed about 500 people's eardrums with these incredibly loud unpleasant noises.....

Corky: The reason that there's no good music places in the city is the fault of one bunch of people --- the groups.

Seed: What do they do ?

Corky: The outrageous prices -- people can't afford them. For instance, if people want to pay a dollar to get into a place, and the groups are charging \$1000, that place has to have a thousand people in it, so the place will go out of business if it can only hold 800, so they're gonna charge \$2. So then the people complain that it costs too much and maybe they stop coming, but then, the Syndrome's a different story. You get a group like Ten Years After.... I don't know how much they charge, it's a lot, and they charge \$5 at the door, so everyone thinks the promoter is making all this money. But what it is, the manager of the group gets all this money, then he has to pay their airfreight, the roadmanagers, the agents, and the group doesn't even end up with that much money. They spend money ridiculously, like spending \$100,000 for a billboard in Times Square (Grand Funk Railroad, who, incidentally, drew 10,000 at the Syndrome, were the buyers of the high-priced ad space; Ed.)....it's completely absurd...that's where the money's going. When you go to the door and pay \$5, and you think it's too much, don't blame it on anybody but the groups.

There are places where you can hear good music, like at Alice's, where it doesn't cost a whole lot of bread to get in, and they have pretty good bands. The bands don't get paid a lot, but it's fun to do. A place like Alice's is fun to play, so you shouldn't have to make \$800.

Seed: There have been a couple of other forms suggested. The harder is trying to find a place that'll hold maybe 1000 people, charging a buck and counting on the support of the local bands to come out and play free or cheap and to maybe create a real music scene in Chicago.

Corky: The thing is that people don't know about places like the Quiet Knight or Alice's. You're paying at these

places for more than sitting on the floor. It's a different thing, it's very comfortable, it's a warm place and the entertainment is very personal.

Jim: It's been done on a larger level too. I'm thinking of the Straight Theater in San Francisco, where the entire place worked on percentages. Everyone that worked there, from the bands to the people at the door, everyone's bread had to do with how many people came that night. If only 600 people came one night, nobody made very much money and nobody could bitch. But if there was a night when a real lot of people came, then everyone came out ahead.

Corky: There's no doubt that's the fair way to do it, and it's fair to the people because everyone gets together and they decide what is a price we can charge that won't keep people away. I think right now in this day and age, \$2 is really good.

Seed: The other good thing about the Straight was that there was a definite feeling among everyone in the place -- the audience and the performers -- that "this is our place"....we built it, our money paid for it, our labor put it together, and no one, not even the people running it, were on a tremendous ego trip about it. No one walked through the crowd pushing people out of their way. The other idea for Chicago was to try and open up a chain of places like Alice's, so that groups would be going from one place to another, more or less doing a circuit, getting exposure all over the city. It would give people local places to go to, where they wouldn't have to go all across the city to lovely 15th and Wabash to a huge barn. It would give bands more gigs, and you have maybe 8 places around the city, each holding maybe 400 people, each charging a buck or two to get in....

Jim: It's hard to find someone to do it -- someone who wants to administrate it and has the capacity to run that kind of scene, chances are he's gonna want to make some bread. Chances are, he's gonna want to make a lot of bread.

Corky: As long as it isn't to, like, rip-off proportions. The rip-off proportions are not because of the clubowners. There isn't any clubowner I know that runs a rock hall that ran it in rip-off proportions, because I think he was forced to do a rip-off to make ANY money. The groups are charging...I mean, the groups figure "he's making all that money, we can charge more" is what the managers feel.

[A heated, though unrecorded debate ensues about the size of the profit cleared by Dick Gassen, the promoter of the Syndrome, on concerts by Traffic (which took in around \$40,000 at the gate) and Ten Years After (which grossed \$64,000)]

Corky: It's good for headline acts to come to Chicago, groups like Traffic, it's good....

Seed: Good for who?

Corky: For the people. So they could hear....uhhhh....

Seed: So they can see their favorite album cover? The sound at the Syndrome is terrible, much worse than a record.

Jim: But watching Mick Jagger is a whole different thing....

Seed: Mick Jagger maybe, but Stevie Winwood from 500 feet?

Corky: There is a certain thing people dig about seeing their favorite musicians....

Seed: That's just why the scene is fucked up.

Corky: Right, well then it's the people's fault. All Dick Gassen is doing is bringing in what the people want, and in order to do that he has to charge a certain amount at the door. I don't put it on the promoter, I put it on the people and the groups. If the people don't want to pay that much then they shouldn't. If the people pay for it, then it's not a rip-off to them. If people want to come to Alice's and support something that isn't a rip-off, then they'll do it. The middleman can do one of two things. He can promote local acts and do what's right, or he can bring in acts that the people want to see.

CONTINUED • NEXT PAGE →

Siegel · Schwall

CONT.

Seed: Since every rock palace in Chicago has been forced to close one way or another, it seems to me that the Syndrome can't last very long. Eventually some kind of bad scene is going to happen there and then there's going to be no place to go. How can the people and the groups who want to do something better get something going or help improve the situation?

Corky: If the groups that are charging the high prices would cut their prices in half... The whole thing is management. The whole rock scene is falling apart because of the way the managers are doing it. If the groups are managed in such a way that they could work for less, the people in the group could still come out with the same amount of money.

Jim: There's a group from Chicago that I probably shouldn't name, and their nightly salary was well into four figures, for every gig they played and the guys in the band, because it was a large group and they had so many people to carry so much equipment and because they were so organized about airplanes and hotels in every city, the cats were making a hundred bucks a week. There's all this bread that was just wasted that pushed their price way up high and they had to charge a lot of bread to see them, but the cats in the band aren't getting it, neither is the guy who's running the club, really, it's just wasted.

For me, and a lot of other people I've talked to, I'd prefer to drive to a gig in a car if at all possible and crash on somebody's floor. And even when we were in periods where we were making pretty much money, and I probably could have afforded to have spent more time in taxis, in airplanes and hotels, but I'd rather crash on floors and drive in cars, it's more fun. And there are a lot of other musicians who feel that way. A whole lot of hotel rooms go empty because they wind up going out to some party and staying there, but the room's paid for anyway because that's the way it's oriented.

Corky: Even more than that, it's flying from one city to another and cutting the money up in ten different ways. Like spending so much money on promotion -- it's absurd.

Seed: It seems that what we're talking about without recognizing it is that we've got to get onto a smaller scale. Like 12,000 people and 60,000 dollars; it's just gotten too big.

Corky: Sure, it's just inflation man. The best promotion in the world is when you think, how well are the Grateful Dead known. What does their promotion consist of. Their promotion consists of every time they have a day off, a place to do it, of setting up their amps and playing in a park. They get off; they have a good time and the people get a chance to hang around the park and see them for free; people that maybe don't have the bread to see them anywhere else. It's good promotion, and it doesn't cost a thing. The \$100,000 that was spent by this group on a billboard... if they wanted to spend that much money on promotion, and this is the reason that people are spending so much money to see them, they at least could have spent the money on like building a school for the Indians or something. They could have even gotten promotion from it by calling it Grand Funk University or something but then at least the people who come spend \$5 on them would be giving their bread to someone who's at least trying to help out the people in this world. Then the people who are supporting the groups are in turn supporting themselves and then they don't have any complaints.

I read in the Seed a lot of things about rip-offs, and I think the blame should be put on the public and on the groups and their management.

Seed: As far as white bands go, there seems to be this mad rush to head for the west coast as soon as the group can hit the same chord at the same time. Do you think that anything can be helped by groups staying around their own home towns?

Corky: Well, of course the city has to support its own bands before a group would want to stay there. 'Y'know, you figure, "well, I'll go somewhere else where they'll want me".

Seed: How can the bands contribute to some kind of a together local scene -- what can they do?

Corky: Well, all the bands should cut their prices so that clubowners won't be forced to charge such high prices to get in. If possible, groups should work for a percentage, because how much a club owner can pay them has to be dependent on how many people they bring in to the place. Sometimes, of course, you can't do a percentage thing because a band has got to eat, but generally it's the best way. So bands should cut their prices and then demand that the clubowners don't charge over a certain amount to come see them -- and they can demand that as long as their prices aren't too high, but if their prices are too high, then the guy HAS TO charge more to meet their price. So if the owner wants to pay them \$1000 and charge \$5 at the door, then, o.k., tell him to pay \$500 and charge \$3; that can be done.

Jim: Someone told me that Baez is doing that. She just insists that she won't work anyplace where it costs more than a certain amount of money to get in, and she's willing to take less money, cause she's sure that people are going to come to see her no matter what.

Corky: Also, the thing is that this problem in the rock business is also happening in every other business cause we're running into a depression. But still, I think it's good for groups to travel - to play in different places. It's like an exchange and I think it's good. When we were first together, our group was very popular in San Francisco, and in Boston, but NOT in Chicago, like we never reached a big audience in Chicago. The first time we reached a big audience in Chicago was a few weeks ago when we played at the Syndrome.

Seed: Well, even in Boston, where people tended to support their groups locally, nationally known folk clubs have had big troubles. The Unicorn was forced to close and just recently re-opened.

Corky: Yeah, we played there when we played with the Philharmonic. Also, the Club 47 closed, and that was a beautiful place; non-profit, just beautiful, and they closed, because the groups were charging high prices - that's why they closed.

Jim: Really, there's no other reason, because every time we played there or I went there to see other people, there was always a line out in front of people waiting for people to go home so they could get in. Always.

Corky: The place just wasn't big enough to make the prices that were being charged by the groups - so they closed the club 47 and opened up - the Syndrome.



Mother

Midnite

Earlier this year, Alice's Revisited opened as a community political and cultural center. Among its many services are inexpensive rock and blues concerts so people can enjoy good music without having to pay \$5 to get in and suffocate.

A couple of folks are trying to establish another community rock hall based on the same principle on the far north side in the Lincoln Village Theatre, Lincoln and Kedzie Avenues. Unfortunately, they won't be able to set up a nightly coffeehouse type of place like Alice's, but they will be able to hold weekly concerts in a large theatre for two dollars a ticket in advance, \$2-2.50 at the door. They plan on running every Friday (if successful, they'll expand to Saturday nights as well), but the trick is, these concerts will begin at midnight and last until four or five in the morning. Obviously, this will give the straight people enough time to hide.

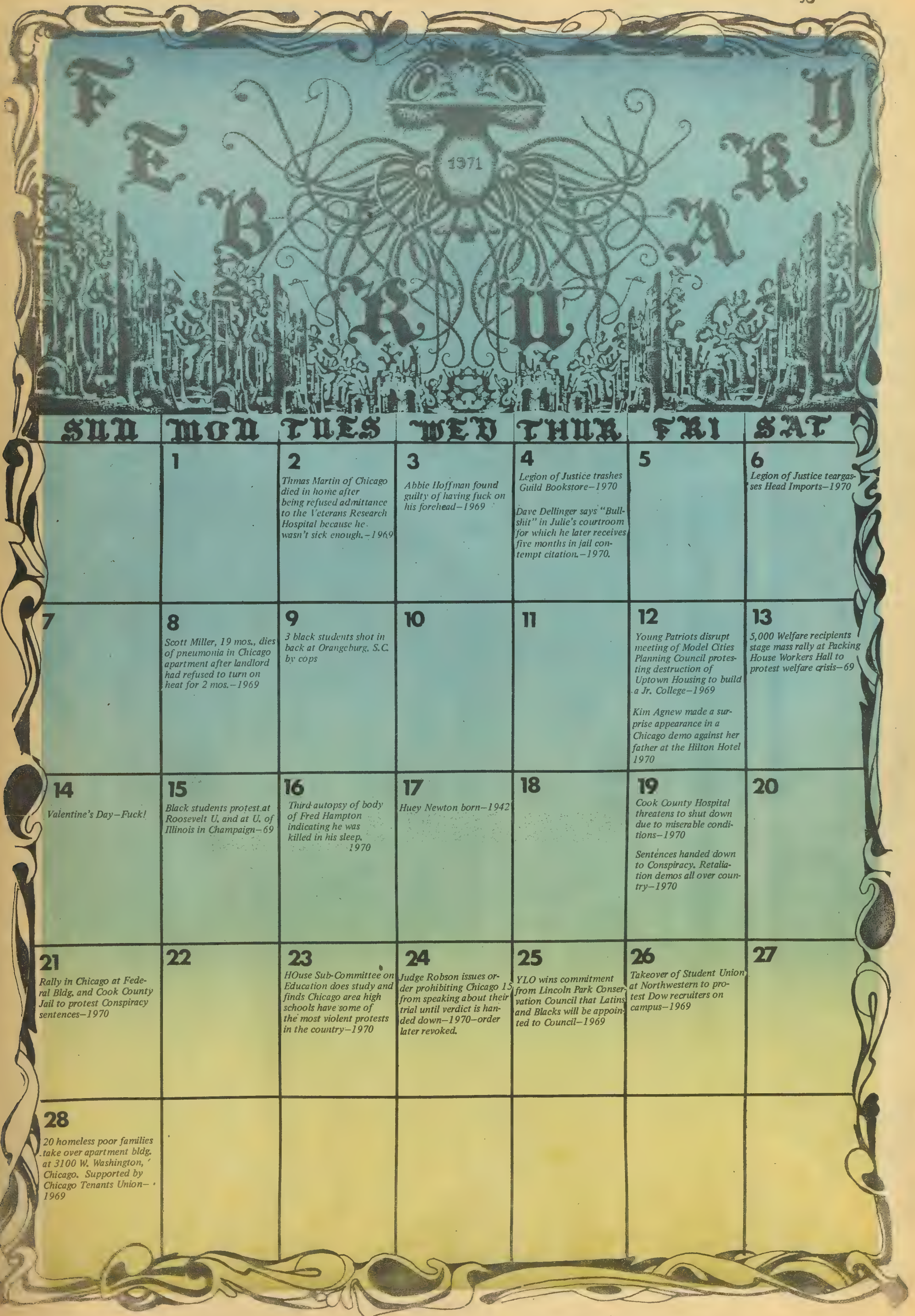
The series will be called MOTHER MIDNITE and will start Friday night, January 8, with two Chicago area groups, Mountain Bus and the blues group Wolfberry King. If this concert goes off without major hassles--the store owners in the area have paranoid visions of bands of roving dope fiends, pillaging and plundering their tinsel and glass storefronts--Mother Midnite will continue, presenting Dreams, Truth, Siegal/Schwall, Jim Post and Howlin' Wolf during the rest of the month. Groups scheduled for February include Conqueror Worm and the Allman Brothers. The talent is being booked by Calagari, Ltd., a group which has booked benefits for several demiradical organizations and assisted other movement people during the past year.

After Mother Midnite gets going, they plan on holding monthly benefits for the Seed, Radio Free Chicago, Free City Exchange and other organizations. They're also planning special \$1 concerts when their overhead drops down a bit.

Advance tickets can be purchased for \$2 at a number of record stores and head shops in the city, including Hear Here in Evanston, Four Heads in Rogers Park, Adam's Apple on North California and the Record Shack in Skokie.

Freaks in the far north side of the city will benefit from Mother Midnite, if they support it. Paying \$5 for a lame concert at the Syndrome coffin is a drag--and Mother Midnite will have about five times the seating capacity of Alice's. If people want inexpensive concerts in the winter, they should support Mother Midnite in order to encourage others to do likewise in their own neighborhoods.

Mike Gold





SEED

BEN

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Wil

BENEFIT 1970



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Wilderness Road





THROUGH THE

LOOKING-GLASS



Alice's Revisited, on the ground floor of 950 W. Wrightwood. Maybe you've been there on a Friday or Saturday night with some friends of yours to hear Otis Rush, Wilderness Road, Siegal-Schwall or Muddy Waters. You paid your dollar at the door, came in and sat on the floor in the usually crowded back room, and let the music engulf you. Later on in the evening, when the crowd thinned out a little, everyone started dancing. You had a great time, had something to eat, met some new people--just in general felt good--much better than spending the evening drinking by yourself in some bar, or getting ripped-off for \$5 a head at the Syndrome where you're lost in a horde of 5,000 people.

But what's the place really all about? Is it just a music hall, a restaurant, a "hip" business that a few people are getting rich off of? What goes on there the rest of the week? What are the people who run it into--why are they there and how is the place run? Is there an owner or a boss? That's what you wonder.

Alice's is run by a collective of half a dozen full-time people and a varying number of volunteers. Most of the full-time people live communally and "salaries" are in the \$10-\$20 a week range. They come from a variety of backgrounds--one was once a school teacher, another a student radical, one a monk and yet another is a Vietnam veteran. A couple of them were involved in the original Alice's over on Lincoln Avenue and one of them was involved in a coffee house called Doc Gandalf's.

And they all view Alice's as something much more than a restaurant. They think of it as a counter-institution, a community center, a place that is an experiment in new of people relating to each other. In a recent interview with the Seed, the Alice staff talked about their ideas of what Alice's is now, and what they hope it will become.

"It's creating some (I hate the word because so many people use it) alternative," Sita said, "creating a whole new life style, it's a whole life, it's relating to people, it's trying to survive, it's living together, it's working together, it's more than a restaurant."

"Coming out of SDS," Jack said, "all I knew in my head was how fucked up society was--I had never experienced trying to build what I believed in. Alice's to me is just a chance for a group of people to build the world they want to live in. History is simply what people do." In his previous activities in "the movement," Jack feels, everything was too much "just in my head"--and he views Alice's as part of something that can "destroy a lot of one society by example, and in turn create a better one."

The people at Alice's are builders, in both the literal and figurative senses of the term: they built Alice's--they created it together out of nothing but their own energy, resources and ideas. They built the counter and the stage, installed the kitchen, painted the walls and even installed the sound system. Nobody sits around--almost any hour of the day you can walk by and see someone sweeping, mopping or buffing the floor, building a partition, washing dishes or mimeographing leaflets for publicity. The philosophy seems to be self-reliance, the desire to do all the work necessary to keep the place functioning and growing.

And it's always growing and changing. Stay away from it for a month, and there are new decorations on the wall, new foods on the menu, new things happening. Alice's moved into their present location in the first week of May after raising money for rent and equipment in a series of benefits. They started open-

ing for weekends only in June, until August when they got their cold food license. It seems almost like Alice's has always been there, but it's really been open only a short time.

And they have already signed a lease on the adjoining building where they plan to expand. "The very fact that we're expanding next door will give us new energy," Ray says, "people get down when they feel like they're just doing routine work." In the new space, the Alice's staff hopes to be able to provide hot meals by the spring, to expand their book center, and make available a supply of radical literature. They also want to provide areas where more people can sit, eat and rap at tables away from the music, play chess, hold classes on various things, and be able to hold meetings or just sit and read or relax. They want to expand the food menu to include cheap dinners and more organic foods. In the summer, they hope to be able to use the courtyard area between the two buildings. And they are also thinking about the feasibility of a breakfast for children program.

Alice's attracts a lot of different kinds of people with their varied program. Alice's is one of the few places on the north side that will feature black blues musicians. Alice's facilities are used for poetry readings, macrame classes, theater, psycho-drama, movie showings, benefits for other community groups--such as the Seed, the Chicago Indian village, the Rising Up Angry legal defense fund, etc.--, meetings of high school students from around the city, and recently a conference of people involved in draft counseling and resistance. And every Saturday there's a children's program.

"Alice's exists," Sita said, "to sort of create a home where people can feel comfortable. There are very few places where people of a certain life style can feel comfortable. I feel like this is our home and we open our doors to the community." Alice's wants to find more people who are interested in getting involved in teaching a class, in something that would be useful to the community, in starting new programs.

Being open to the community, as some people have found out, does not mean that anything goes. The Alice's staff is very conscious of trying to keep out booze and dope, people who are drunk or messed up on downers, people who hassle other people. "It's not a place where anyone can do anything," Ray said, "where they can be their own master...people who stick around and do the work can define that community" and attempt to see which elements are negative. "Alice's is not closed--it's open to anyone who's together who wants to get involved." Too often, Ray believes, "people really don't know how to create a free society--all it means is free for you." He thinks that one reason the old Alice's on Lincoln Avenue collapsed was that "it was fucked, people went in and misused it, misused their freedom, fucked it up." There was too much dope dealing, too many runaways, and therefore too many cops coming in to look for them. "People here have a sense of keeping it cool."

One of the best developments at Alice's recently is that more women are getting seriously involved in a place that for a while seemed to be male-dominated. There are still a lot of problems, but the women who work at Alice's have started having separate meetings. They hope in the near future to attempt to have a meeting with some of the women who come there to talk about ways that Alice's could relate to women and their needs and problems better. The whole staff is getting a little more conscious of attempting to deal with men who hassle women in Alice's.

The whole staff, full-time and volunteer, meets every Monday to coordinate things and consider new programs. The full-time staff tries to have lunch together every day to take care of day-to-day decisions and emergencies.

The old Alice's had quieter music--there were no blues, no bands, no hard electric music--almost anybody could play there, and the problem was that many of those who did really weren't good musicians. "The old Alice's was such a hole," Jack says, "economically and physically. The new one is constantly growing and changing. Some people think it's a rip-off because it looks better. They find it hard to relate to positive change." Alice's wants to try to provide people with the "best of everything," he explained. Ray views the primary problem of the old Alice's as being "caught up in a vicious circle of mere survival" without the "same vision...We weren't creative enough to say: 'let's think of ways to make it better.'" A lot was learned from the earlier experience, about building codes, preparing food, "politics and what you can do in a neighborhood."

How did people get involved in Alice's? Why are they still there? Jerome says that for him it was a part of a process of "getting out of society...I could-

n't take people doing what they're told all the time: going to work, getting up, shaving, going back home, going to sleep, getting up, going to work...When I left the army, I tried college. I went for 3½ weeks and I quit. And the only thing I was worried about when I quit school was whether the army could get me back." He had a straight job for a while, "but I couldn't relate to that either...I just came, I guess." Sita was involved in the old Alice's, which she says "had a lot to do with me changing," quitting her job as a school teacher. Earlier this winter, she left Chicago for Berkeley, but all she found there were "line revolutionaries" who weren't interested in doing anything "but destroying" and many of whom worked for system companies. "Anything I could do out there would be meaningless--this is something I helped create. There's a lot of things we still have to overcome, it's a constant struggle, but it's one level up. Any time you create something new--like a free clinic or

anything--you create a victory for the revolution."

Sita thinks that the things the Alice's staff still have to overcome are "being able to live together and really love each other...to overcome fears and realize that we are humans and we do make mistakes. Relating is probably the hardest thing for people coming together to do. Individually, the hardest thing to do is to know what you're about and to be honest with yourself."

Ray says he got involved in the old Alice's "truly by chance. I lived in a commune with the people who started it." Few people on the present staff, he says, "see this as Alice's for ever, static." He would like to see Alice's eventually acquire a farm and grow the food they sell, supporting other communes and rotating people between the city and country. He would also like to see other Alice's spring up in neighborhoods around Chicago.

Maryann, who does volunteer work at Alice's and helps coordinate the Saturday children's program, says that she first came in "to hear the music one night with a friend and then I read in the Seed that they needed help with the children's program." At this point, she thinks of Alice's "not as a place, it's an idea, a way of life. I see it more as a community center that's just expanding, with new programs, ideas, people." She now believes that "if I wanted to start a program here, if we wanted to do it, we could, nothing could stop us. They could close us down by not renewing our lease or something, but they couldn't stop us."

Alice's is open every night except Monday. Tuesdays it's open from 4 p.m. to 1 a.m., with movies at 8 and 10, macrame classes from 5 to 6 and psycho-drama from 7 to 9. Wednesdays there's theater with the "Chicago Extension" group at 9 and guitar lessons from 7:30 to 8:30. Thursday nights there's live music at 8:30 for a 50 cent donation. Friday and Saturday Alice's is open from 7 to 2 with blues and country music. Donation is \$1 and there are two sets: at 8:30 and 11:30. Sunday nights are folk nights, with an open stage, starting at 7:30, and Alice's is open then from 4 p.m. to midnight.

Alice's is going to be closed the first week of January to recuperate from the holidays and do needed work. January 8th and 9th will feature Otis Rush; January 15-16, the Sam Lay Blues Band with Lucille Spann; January 22-23, the John Little John Blues Band with Jimmy Rogers; and January 29-30, the Muhl Richard Abrams and Maurice McIntyre Jazz Quintets. Thursday nights will feature the Eddie Shaw Blues Band. And a good schedule of Tuesday night films has been set up, ranging from Buster Keaton to Roman Polanski.

Alice's revisited, 950 W. Wrightwood (528-4250). If you haven't been there yet, drop in. You might well find, as I did, that as Sita says "once you walk in, you can't really get away."

Bernie Farber

INTERCOURSE

HELP!

Help your brothers and sisters. The Peoples' School needs tutors for its high school equivalency program (GED) and its English and Spanish program. You can help even if you have had no experience or don't speak Spanish. Call 561-6737, or come to the Peoples' School at 4409 N. Sheridan Rd.

People getting together to make a street sheet need paper, stencils, ink and a mimeograph machine. Also anyone having money laying around they don't want, we can use it. write Box DO IT, c/o Seed, and make it happen.

Help! Woman needs desperately to leave petty suburban shit. Needs home, job with sincere and caring people. must be able to keep my animal friends. No mind-fucks or rip-offs please. Char 833-7222.

gigs

Needed: one job in a HEAD shop or the like. Willing to do work. call Pam—CA7-7539.

TRUCKIN'—We have a ½ ton van that we are into using to help people move in order to help pay our rent, etc. Call Steve or Bill at 528-6091.

HELP! I need a job! Any kind of work (legitimate) okay with me, as long as I can dress like I want. Write or leave message for Beth at Seed.

FOR SALE

Leather sewing machine, reasonable price, call 787-7787.

For Sale: "Silvertone" amplifier, good condition, has 100 watt maximum, two channels, with reverb and tremolo with strength and speed. Bottom has six ten inch speakers. \$175 or best offer. 763-0987

I have some really nice furniture I'd like to get rid of. Best offer. Peter. 929-0134

Leaving country and must unload 1979 Yamaha—excellent condition. 250cc street bike, only 300 miles, \$375 or best offer, call 262-6535.

For sale—one 35 year old muskrat coat. best offer, Pam 354-6828

For sale: Gibson SG custom, walnut finish, Grover pegged, mahogany neck \$375 or best offer, 465-8972.

ATTENTION WEALTHY LIBERALS! Am selling my straight-type wardrobe (sizes 7 and 9), or will trade for almost anything. Letti, 929-0134.

New Grover guitar pegs \$10. Power and hand tools. New Post Versalog Slide rule \$25. Some furniture. Two 3x5 stained glass windows. Two "deluxe" sleeping bags. Jerry, 549-1523.

For Sale: International Metro Camper Van, R. V. Plates with new 6'x4' trailer, \$800. 1970 Suzuki 500cc. \$650 or best offer. \$1200 AM-Finn Sauna 6'x4'x7' best offer, call Ed at 337-6192.

For Sale—10 speed Schwinn bike, \$45 or best offer, 728-5392

Yamaha 1969 350cc. street scrambler. \$475 plus helmet, chain, and lock. Seed, box ZYB.

1969 VW bug with gas heater \$800 PLUS take over last 14 payments, which amount to \$716.33 (\$51.17 per month). Call Lynda at 929-0133.

Electric Guitar, dual-pickups, tremelo arm, with case. Also included, Kustom amp, with foot-switch. Both only one year old and in good condition. \$150 or best offer. Call Marylou, 748-4825.

For Sale: Fender electric 12-string guitar \$110. Silvertone 150w Bass amp \$100. Box FO, Seed.

This is a community bulletin board, not a classified ad section. This service is free but we accept donations. We've tried to eliminate rip-offs, legal turn-ons, model ads, dating services, hip capitalist crap, and sexist ads. We still cannot vouch for the sincerity or legitimacy of ads, and if you still get ripped off, let us know. Not all notices can be run for the upcoming issue if they're sent in too late. If your ad is dated, send it in about one month before the deadline, so as to assure its appearance. Ads aren't accepted over the phone—bring them in or mail them. When you give us the ad, include a phone number and/or address where we can reach you if there is a question. Phone & address can be withheld for the asking. We may assign Seed box numbers to ads of a possibly personal nature, to eliminate crank phone calls, etc. If you still have questions, call Marlene at the Seed.

Head Shop for sale—southside, call 363-2286, evenings and weekends.

WANTS

Wanted—hip single or couple to share South Shore Apt. Pickering—493-7713.

Fanze prod. needs cameras, film, stills, will pay for old footage if necessary. Box 591, Seed.

Have fatm. Need self-sufficient hard-working people to grow food. support your own food coop w/food. David C. Bergman, 657 Halfway Rd. RFD-2, Burr Oak, Mich. 49030

Need IDs, call 373-0800, leave message for Randy.

Wanted: any property, anywhere, land and/or house, have little cash, will rent, wish to start an experimental commune for study and creation of finances. Write Box 591, c/o Seed.

Puppet Company needs store, garage, or warehouse for theatre. Call Ray, CL-4-9333.

Euphoria Blimpworks needs desks, chairs, typewriters, office supplies of all kinds, stereo, rugs, file cabinets, adding machine. Call Al, 787-4146.

If anybody has a copy of Vol 5 No. 4 of the Seed (Mickey Mouse wearing a Spiro Agnew watch), please contact either John at 835-4182 or Donovan at 929-0134.

Needed: One apt. (1 or 2 bedroom), possibly a place where we wouldn't have to pay for heat and could also keep our cat and dog. \$100-\$125. Box 920, Seed.

Wanted to buy: used flute or bass recorder. 973-3081.

musicisum

Bands of any and all kinds needed to give high school dances in the near or far future for free or very cheap. Call or leave message for Adrian at the 3rd Unitarian Church, MA-6-9385.

Wanted: Good, original groups for recording, free. If the tapes are released by record cos. great. Otherwise, no bread involved. call Ronny at 328-2162.

Good Blues Drummer needed with drums. Four piece group—lead—bass—piano—harp—Ivan. 929-4477.

There's a heavy band just getting together in Markham, Ill. ASID is the name, check 'em out.

Lead guitarist looking for people to form a group. Steve 219-938-1325, 1205 Wells, Gary, Ind 46403.

Accomplished conga drummer—Latin percussionist available for full time gig, occasional jams or just fuckin' around. 728-5392, Duke.

Wanted- guitarist for hard-rock group and bass guitarist too. Ron, 363-5835.

Fred—Is this the only way I can get a hold of you? I've been trying to see you for weeks! Do you ever stay in one place more than 10 minutes at a time? Marty.

Musicians wanted for soul, rock group. practice on Northwest side. Also, need bookings for March to December '71, Bill, 493-4390 betw 4 & 7.

LOVE is a four-letter word

Needed: organist and/or pianist for blues orientated band. Will also do Poco, Buffalo Springfield, Jethro Tull, Zepher, others. Must be from suburbs and have own equipment and transportation. Band is 2 years established. No BS. Call David at 766-0919, after 6:30.

Guitarist and singer seeks singer-guitarist or singer-electric pianist to start blues, soft rock group, or just jam. Northwest side. MU-5-2937.

Need one lead guitarist—bring some lead and harmony. Send heavy bag. Established road group. Serious musician, no ego-tripper. (815) 875-1933, ask for Bill.

Need drummer and harp player for Chicago style blues and boogie band. Call Peter, 297-5973, or 368-9432.

MESSAGES

Luking (Indiana) call Jerry at 324-9358.

Linda LaPointe, Please contact, write or phone Dr. Rudy Holzinger at 830 S. Michigan Hotel, Room 520. 922-8417, evenings.

Canada: Thank for minding the store. Sorry you lost the chess game. Keep it together, MG

John Leong in Urbana—please contact Stonehenge.

Howard Hunt from Des Plaines please call home, very important, your father.

Bill—could use all or part of the \$50 I lent your friend. I helped you out when you were in trouble—please try to pay me back. Thank, Bernie.

Cynthia Edelman please call Jerry at 324-9358.

Tall Jeff, Call Charly and Mary in Vinalhaven, Maine, 207-863-4457.

DICKENS PORCH GANG: Artie-Creep is missing; talked to Dohl Juice—said they found Donald Duck. . . But not Mickey Mouse, Simon LaGarfinkel and Sandpaper Face Man tuned out. If Artie shows up, please call Pam or Di (CA7-7689 or BE 5-0544).

From Hazelcrest, Ill. Bob says "Hello" and "I love you" to his beautiful wife, Carol.

Nancy—call Linda and Ann, 282-6691.

Life is a four-letter word

RIDES

Ride needed to Tucson. If you're going there the first week in January and can take one or both of us, call 869-0562. We can help out with gas and driving.

Ride needed to New York City or Newark area on January 2 or 3. Will share expenses. Call Carole, 248-8536.

I am looking for a joyful companion who would hitch hike with me to New Orleans, Houston, Mexico City, around the middle of February. Of course, a ride would be welcome as well. Kathrin, 762-2010.

Late Additions

For sale: '63 Pontiac, power steering and brakes, automatic, great transportation, no rip-off. \$250, call Harry after 5:30, 383-8778

Information on Free Schools and experimental schools in the Chicago area wanted. Call Maralee at the Seed, or write.

Seedling interested in moving into Lincoln Park area. Have cat. Would consider commune. Uncool, hard dope, etc. places unacceptable. Reliable contact. Call Uncle Martin at the Seed.

CRAFTS

Anyone sincerely interested in starting a craft collective or needing someone to expand an already functioning one, please contact Rick Paulsen, ED 4-9730—have small amount of tools and capital to invest in going concern.

Anyone needing artwork, photography or cartooning, call Brent at 465-4523, or leave message at Seed office.

The Atelier Arts and Crafts Studio, 10 N. Barron, New Buffalo, Mich 49117 is a center for the study of art—no limits—oils, charcoals, ceramics, macrame, sculpture, music, dance, etc. Wish to expand to include classes in guitar, body awareness, yoga, leaded glass, or other rare art forms. If you are interested either from the teaching, learning or creating perspective, contact them.

WORKSHOPS

Your head is as important as your other equipment, in photography as well as life. We have small classes and teach beginning and advanced photography. 248-9294 for info.

HUMAN RELATIONS WORKSHOP: Jan 15-17. Goals: Personal Growth, Interpersonal Awareness, Communication Skills. Fee: \$35 + \$25 room and board. This is not a substitute for individual or group psychotherapy. For more info call H.R. Workshops, 324-6824

MISC.

Anyone needing the services of a nonsectarian minister for a marriage ceremony or funeral, etc. call Seekers of Truth Institute, Rev. R.W. Lane 325-0954, donations accepted. 2820 N. Sheridan

RAW MILK—there is none in Chicago. We can get it if 200 people want it. sign up at Family, Presence, Other Door, Alice's, Bookstore on the Northside or House of Nutrition, Kramers, or Chicago Health Food Center, downtown. for more info, call Kay 281-1572.

Theatre group being formed by European director (Max Reinhardt, Gustaf Molander, Benoit-Levy pupil), call 332-5483 for details. Wm. Ostfeld.

If anyone sees a red jeep, black canvas top with small American flags, bent front bumper, please call Warren at the Seed. It belongs to your brother. 929-0134.

KORZYBSKI—Korzybski students wherever you are! "... the psychedelic values of GS are the morning glory seeds that have sprouted the whole make-love-not-war generation. We're onto a whole new consciousness, a whole new electronic consciousness of abstracting, a collective consciousness in a common psycho-biosphere made of the soil, air and blood. That's what these communes are all about. . . that's what we're all about." Write to us and we'll send you a copy of Roy Ald's book the Youth Communes. The Boston Society for GS, 6 Magnolia St., Dorchester, Mass. 02125.

Going broke on hotel bills. Will share expenses on small apt. with couple with same problems. contact Jackie via Box 642, SEED.

Irish Setter A.K.C. (red) for Stud Service. Co to 1920 N. Hudson, 2nd floor. See Mike.

We're "The Beautiful Losers." We do theat anywhere possible (open-living theatre genre). We need more people (actors particularly) and more places to perform. If interested, contact us c/o Seed, Box TBL.

This is a PLEA for people who are without the joy and pleasure of a pet. Please visit us and choose a cat who needs a home. They are all super healthy and have received all their inoculations. Please call for the sake of a soft, affectionate, and playful friend. Linda, Richard, Matt, Donna, and Nodia. 465-1791, 4 Heads.



'HI-WANNA DIE?'

"REDS"—"BOPS"

SECONAL SODIUM
RED BULLET HEAD CAPS

"CARBS"—"BLUE HEAVENS"

CARBUTAL
WHITE CAPS W/ BLUE STRIPES

"YELLOW-JACKETS"

NEMBUTAL
YELLOW CARBULES

"XMAS TREES"

TUINALS
RED/BLUE BULLET HEAD CAPS

ACTION: Directly assant to the central nervous and respiratory systems.

DURATION: 6 to 24 hours

DOSE: 3 to 4 pills—Drowsy, little nap and heavy sleep.
10 pills—Toxic (Overdose) dosage (Some death freaks will drop from 15 to 20 and make a game out of killing themselves—"Be the first on your block to die.")

TREATING A BARBITUATE OVERDOSE:

CHECK VITAL SIGNS: A) RESPIRATION: How many times a minute the person is breathing (normal is 16 to 20). This is determined by placing your hand or a mirror near the mouth or nose and counting the number of breaths.

B) PULSE: Normal pulse rate is 70-80 beats per minute. You should be able to get pulse at the wrist (If pulse is not easily read at the wrist, it's a good indication that the person's blood pressure is very low). You can also get a pulse at the person's neck. If pulse is below 60, he- or she may begin to turn colors (blue) from lack of oxygen.

C) TEMPERATURE: Body temperature should be below 100 (98.6). If temperature is higher, there is a good chance that infection has set in.

D) Check amount of reaction to the CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM by shining a light in the person's eyes. They should respond immediately. Press a sharp or blunt object under feet—feet should respond.

IF ANY OF THE VITAL SIGNS ARE CRITICAL USE MOUTH TO MOUTH RESUSCITATION OR HEART MASSAGE/DIAPHRAGM, AND MOST IMPORTANT—CALL AN AMBULANCE TO GET TO A HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM

IF VITAL SIGNS ARE NOT CRITICAL: 1) Lie flat and hold down your chest. 2) Keep warm. 3) Get to urinate as much as possible. 4) Give amphetamines (no diet pills, which are usually speed and cataplexy in combination—Desbutal, Dexamyl, Preludin, etc.). 5) Give cold coffee enemas up the ass through a douche bag, which will stimulate immediately.

BARBITUATE OVERDOSE CAUSES: Heart and respiratory failures either directly or from convulsions and internal drowning. Usually the person dies of pneumonia, because barbituates stop the body's natural defenses against infection and germs (white corpuscles). All the germs held in check will take over. Therefore the person is in more danger while recovering from the primary symptoms.

AT ANY TIME, IF THE PERSON'S VITAL SIGNS BECOME CRITICAL—CALL AN AMBULANCE. DON'T HESITATE! The O.D. on Barbituates is not like acid at all. It will not just wear off in a given time, cause while the primary effects are wearing the secondary fight against infection is not working.

Contrary to popular belief, barbituate overdose is not a peaceful or easy way to commit suicide. You will be in a horrible state far below normal but as your vital signs begin to go critical, the body violently fights for life. You will die, fighting (through convulsions) to regain consciousness.

Remember that tranquilizers and barbituates serve a very necessary, medical function, but when abused they cause one of the most horrible deaths.

A PILL IS A PILL IS A WHACK AND BETWEEN CLASSES WE SHOULD ALL BE TESTED ON THEM

— Dr. Epod Rx

FREE CITY

FREE CITY EXCHANGE, the Chicago community switchboard, is temporarily out of commission (see p. 2). In the meantime, if you need a place to crash, have a place for someone to crash, need a ride somewhere, have a ride, need medical care, need food, have food, need a lawyer, on a bum trip, need a job or an apartment, or anything else, call **SUNSHINE AIDE**, 767-1565.

Aid & Comfort

These organizations/services are all telephone emergency services that you can call for help with bum trips, legal hassles, medical aid, places to crash, or anything else legal. Of course, if you're afraid of getting busted for any real reason, tread with caution.

DIRS — Drug Information and Rescue Service. 295-2929. 6pm to midnite weekdays and 24 hours weekends.

THE DEPOT — 955-9347. (hyde park)

KOOLAIDE — 30 West Chicago Ave, 664-0505. 1pm to 2am Mon to Thurs and 24 hours on weekends

LOOKING GLASS - 24 hours. Primarily for crashing and runaways. 334-2601. 1725 West Wilson.

SUNSHINE AIDE — 4220 W 59th St. Open 24 hours daily. 767-1565.

YATS — Youth Aid Telephone Service. 755-2311. evenings and nights.

YOUTH AND COMMUNITY OUTREACH of Palatine, 37 N Plum Grove Rd. 24 hours daily. 58-6702.

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH — 555 W. Belden. 929-3553. 24 hours a day. Free food Wednesdays at six.

ABORTION COUNSELING — and pregnancy services are available through **JANE — Women's Liberation**. 643-3844.

PREGNANCY TESTING SERVICE For information call 927-1790 or 935-6384.

Community

ALICE REVISITED at 950 West Wrightwood is open every night except Monday. They have a Seed Calendar for schedule of events. Alice's is a political, social and cultural center for our community. They have information boards, space for rapping or playing chess, great blues bands on the weekends and thursdays, folk music, raps, theater groups, just about everything. They also have some good food and some good coffee. Where people are needed to help extend the programs, especially the Children's program Saturdays. Call 528-4250 or stop by.

THE KINK STORE LTD! trades, buys and sells in, takes crafts and almost anything on commission. They have access to an industrial sewing machine for those who know how to sew and highly potential market for individually styled clothes — bring your own materials, sew with their on a consignment basis. 2400 North Lincoln, stop by.

FREE CLOTHING is now at Concerned Citizen's Survival Front, 2512 North Lincoln, and a Free City Exchange. If you need it, come get it. If you got it, go and give it.

COMMUNITY MEETINGS — EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 7:30pm AT THE IWW HALL, — 2440 N. LINCOLN

FREE JOB CO-OP. Volunteers from the Chicago Fine Arts Guild are now staffing the new Free Job Co-op at the Jane Addams Center, Hull House, 3212 Broadway. They are creating new jobs as well as drumming up the old ones. Besides people who want a job, they NEED houses, garages, etc, to paint, interior and exterior. They've got lots of skilled men, good references, and the guarantee professional quality. If you need a paint job, good work at good prices, please call them today. 549-1631.

FREE CITY MUSIC is coordinated by Euphoria Blimp works. They can supply sound for your next benefit, concert or riot, and have a list of bands willing to play benefits and hopefully paying gigs. Phone **PUSH-1-IN**.

FREE STORE at the Youth Help Center of Grace Lutheran Church wants all the old stuff you don't need — things like old books, clothes, furniture, money, etc, so they can set up a free store. Bring your old stuff to the Church at 555 West Belden from 11am to 5 pm weekdays, or evenings by calling 929-3553.

HARPERS FERRY ORDNANCE has rifles, shotguns and shooting supplies. Hours are from 11am to 5pm Saturdays, and thier at 180 North Wacker, room 605.

MIDWEST DOPE DEALERS ASSOCIATION is a cooperative of righteous dealers in the community to get good and cheap dope to the people. Leave messages at coordinates B-12-A34, Lincoln Park.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE BOOKSTORE, 3322 N. Halsted has a large number of Women's Liberation materials, as well as an assortment of used books. Hours are from 6:30 pm to 9:30pm weekdays and from 12 noon to 9pm weekends. 477-4373.

PEOPLE'S INFORMATION CENTER — 2154 N. Halsted has information, books, and newspapers from the Black Panther Party, Rising Up Angry, the Young Lords and other revolutionary organizations. The center needs office supplies, especially supplies for a Roneo mimeo machine, and a whole lot of mimeo paper. The phone is 549-8626

RADIO FREE CHICAGO is on the air from midnite to 3am Mondays to Thursdays and from midnite to 5am on weekends. Call 273-3330 if you want to talk or have news of your community or announcements you want to make. They play good music too.

RAPID TRANSIT GUERRILLA COMMUNICATIONS is back on the streets doing material on the struggle of our Latin American sisters and brothers. They are also interested in relating to community issues and invite suggestions for their mime and theater. New troupe members and musicians welcome. Call 666-5496.

TRIAD is on WXFM, 105.9 from 8pm to midnight Monday through Friday. You should listen - good music, good people.

UPTOWN DESIGN CENTER — 1050 LeLand Ave. 334-5435, provides free architectural and other technical assistance to the people. Hours are from 9am to 9pm Mon to Fri and 10am to 4pm on Saturday.

VISIT A P.O.W. The Black Panther Party has begun a program to enable visits by family and friends to prisinors being held in the jails in the state. Rides are being arranged to Joliet, St Charles, Sheridan, Vandalia, Menard, the House, and others. Call 243-8276 for more information. If you know of any organization or church or individual who has access to transportation and can donate some time to the project, call 243-8276 or Rising Up Angry at 472-1791.

WHOLE EARTH STORE, 545 Dempster in Evanston, is a bookstore that's in it for a lot more than the money. "Community copies" of each book on sale are available for reading in the store, and people are asked to bring books by so that a circulating library can be set up. Also planned are the stocking of some of the materials listed in the Whole Earth Catalog and rap groups on Ecology, health, community, counter-culture, and radical politics. Call 491-9555 for info.

Organizations

THE ILLINOIS CHAPTER OF THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY publishes a community bulletin, operates seven community centers, three breakfast programs, a medical center, and the National Committee to Combat Fascism. They need money, breakfast foods office equipment and supplies, mimeos, paper, and cars. The office is at 2350 West Madison, phone 243-8276.

CHICAGO AREA GROUP ON LATIN AMERICA (CAGLA) is an information/action group seeking solidarity with the Latin American liberation movement. They are building a complete library on the Latin American revolution and hope to set up a distribution center for Cuban materials. For info/suggestions etc call LI9-3700 or stop by 800 W Belden (McGraw Library basement).

CHICAGO GAY ALLIANCE provides an alternative social structure for the homosexual, aids young homosexuals in "coming out", provides speakers to present the homosexual viewpoint in rap sessions with the straight community, and is dedicated to ending the legal and psychological repression of homosexuals everywhere. Call 337-0579 or 943-2615 for further information.

CHICAGO INDIAN VILLAGE 1354 W Wilson desperately needs food and clothing for Indian families in Chicago. Call 784-9892 if you can help in any way.

COMMITTEE OF RETURNED VOLUNTEERS is an organization of returned overseas volunteers (peace corps, etc) doing research into American Imperialism and is working in support of all anti-imperialist movements. They're at 840 West Oakdale, call 477-3340.

CONCERNED CITIZEN'S SURVIVAL FRONT is a leader in the struggles around urban removal, racism, adequate medical care, decent food and clothing programs, and the overall needs of poor and oppressed people in the Lincoln Park Area. Give them a call at 348-6842 or stop by the office at 2512 North Lincoln Ave. Volunteer help is always welcome.

THE EVANSTON PEACE CENTER has a draft counseling service, a library and a bookstore among other good things. The regular hours for the center are from 10 to 4 every day. For information on the draft counseling service hours, call 473-2260.

GAY LIBERATION is dedicated to freedom for homosexuals to live without fear of repression and to develop points of solidarity between gay people and other oppressed peoples. See Good Number for listings.

CHICAGO BRANCH OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD is part of the oldest genuine radical labor organization in the US. The office is at 2240 North Lincoln Ave, the phone is 549-5045. The hall is available for meetings, socials and benefits, but needs a lot of work, so why don't you drop by and help out? Volunteer office help is welcome. Call them for help in job situations that are in need of labor organizing. Meetings are the 1st Friday of every month.

LA DOLORES WOMEN'S LIBERATION CENTER is at 2150 N Halsted, and their phone is 935-0364. La Dolores has lots of programs: introduction to Women's Liberation; rap groups; Marxist study groups; Women's history groups, self defense classes, a day care committee, to mention only a few of the programs. The center is open every day until around 11pm. Call or stop by.

LADO — The Latin American Defense Organization is from the Latin community to the near Northwest side of Chicago. LADO was founded in September of 1966 and has concentrated on attacking the problems of welfare recipients. In addition, LADO has acted on a number of complaints of police brutality. The latest programs are the Center for People's Health, and in addition to the Welfare Union, LADO is organizing around the problems of workers in the community, creating a mass involvement in the organization. Call 276-0909 or go by the office at 2353 West North Avenue for further information.

MEDICAL COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS, 1613 East 63rd St, 752-7472, helps out free medical centers, provides instruction on street medical aid, and can provide medical presence at demonstrations.

MEN AGAINST COOL are a group of men trying to deal with the ways in which men oppress women, other men and themselves. They are holding continuing rap sessions on these and other related topics. For more information call 248-9622 or 477-9771.

MOVEMENT FOR A DEMOCRATIC MILITARY is trying to get a little democracy into the armed forces by organizing active duty GI's and reservists. They operate a bookstore and office at 1303 Morrow in North Chicago. For info call 689-2525.

NORTH SIDE COOPERATIVE MINISTRY is involved in too many programs to list here. They are working in the areas of promoting peace, low income housing, education through a Headstart program, common pantries and a bail service. They need volunteers, food, lawyers, medical supplies, and bail money. Call 281-0690 if you need what they got or you have what they need. 2507 North Greenview.

PONTIAC FOUR DEFENSE COMMITTEE had been set up to defend four Chicagoans accused of ripping off a draft board in Pontiac. They need money to cover the heavy bond and legal expenses, legal fees, etc. Mail donations to the Committee at 542 South Dearborn, room 1403. They need volunteer office help and people who can set up speaking engagements. 427-3072.

RIISING UP ANGRY is an organization of brothers and sisters both grease and freak throughout the city. They publish a newspaper, hold open raps, cool out fights between the gangs and try to get the people together to fight the real enemy. Their office is at 2744 N. Lincoln, phone 472-1791.

STUDENT HEALTH ORGANIZATION (SHO) works to bring health and medicine to the streets. They are involved with several of the medical centers listed here, and the welcome, need, volunteer help. Help smash the profit oriented medical industry. 1613 E. 63rd, 493-2741.

TRIAL — Total Repeal of Illinois Abortion Laws — is a coalition of organizations and individuals in the state that believes that Abortion is a woman's right. To aid in the repeal of the abortion laws, call 248-1600 or stop by the office at 2150 North Halsted. Help is needed NOW.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION — See the good numbers listings and call one of the centers to find out what's going on — there's too much to even start listing here.

THE YOUNG LORDS ORGANIZATION fights for the right of Puerto Ricans to exist in decent conditions, and for a Free Puerto Rico. They have been the target of heavy police harrasment and are in desperate need of bail money and legal expenses. Call 549-8505. 834 West Armitage.

THE YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY is dedicated to the overthrow of government, authority, money and morality. Leave messages in the hollow tree at the northeast corner of Lincoln Park. For more information call the red squad.

DIRECTORY

Health Centers

These clinics are set up primarily to serve the community in which they operate. All of them are understaffed, overworked and broke. If you haven't got the money for a doctor, then call the clinic nearest to you for information. But if you CAN afford a doctor, then don't go to a clinic just because you want something for free. These centers are run to provide decent medical care for people who might not otherwise even SEE a doctor. Don't fuck them up, nobody needs freeloaders

BENITO JUAREZ COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER is located at 1831 S. Racine, and it's open every Wednesday nite. Call 243-4844 for info on services.

COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER OF ENGLEWOOD is at 140 West 62nd Street and is open on Monday and Wednesday night. Call 955-3220 for information.

DR. E. BETANCES FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is operated by the Young Lords Organization at the People's Church, 834 W. Armitage. It serves people living south of Fullerton Ave in the Lincoln Park area. Call 549-8505 for hours and services or contact Alberto Chavira at 348-4091 for information on how you can help keep the center in operation.

CENTRO PARA SALUD DEL PUEBLO is operated by the Latin American Defense Organization for the people in their community. Call 276-0900 for information and hours.

IRENE JOSSELYN CLINIC, 405 Central Ave in Northfield is a mental health clinic serving the northern suburbs of Chicago. Hours are 8am to 5pm Monday to Friday though evening and Saturdays are possible if you call first. It is NOT free, but the fees are according to ability to pay.

THE FRITZ ENGELSTEIN FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is at the Holy Covenant Church, Wilton and Diversey. It serves people living between Fullerton and Barry and between Clark and Racine. Hours are Mondays from 6 to 9pm and Wednesdays from 3 to 9 pm. It provides medical care, checkups shots, disease tests, referrals for health, housing and legal problems, child care and education in family health care, first aid, and nutrition. 348-8576. The center is in desperate need of doctors and nurses, so if you qualify, please see if you can help them out.

SPURGEON "JAKE" WINTER FREE PEOPLE'S MEDICAL CLINIC is operated by the Black Panther Party and provides free health care for the community. They are at 3850 W 16th Street, 522-3220. Donation of money and medical supplies are always welcome

YOUNG PATRIOTS UPTOWN HEALTH SERVICE is at 4408 N Sheridan Rd, 334-8957, and is operated by the Young Patriots Organization for the people of Uptown. Hours are from 7pm Monday through Thursday. The clinic will NOT treat cases of VD for people not living in Uptown, since that service is available free from the board of health. The center needs money to continue to operate, supplies and drugs cost plenty \$\$.

WELLS-DARROW EVENING MEDICAL CENTER is at 624 East 38th Place. For further information call 373-0514,

Legal Aid

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION handles cases where points of constitutionality are involved. They won't usually take drug busts or ordinary riot cases. The office is at 6 S Clark, phone 236-5564.

COUNTER-CULTURAL LAW PROJECT is a group of lawyers and law students who want to help with the legal hassles of living a free life in Chicago. If you are living the revolution and are being hassled, call the project at 649-8576. 360 E. Superior St.

LEGAL WELFARE CLINIC is held every other Tuesday from 6 to 9 pm at the Concerned Citizens Survival Front. Call 348-6842 for info.

LEGAL WELFARE CLINIC at the Grace Lutheran Church, every Tuesday and Thursdays at 7:30 pm to 10 pm.

THE PEOPLE'S LAW OFFICE handles criminal cases free to members of revolutionary organizations, others according to their ability to pay. 2156 N Halsted. 929-1880.

Printing - Art

J.S. JORDAN MEMORIAL PRINTING CO-OP prints for the community at co-operative rates. Donations of paper and printing supplies are welcome at this Wobbly shop (IU 450). 6710 N Clark. 973-0219.

WEB OFFSET NEWSPAPER PRINTING - Call Fred at 641-6976 (ok to leave a message if he's out) for best prices and top quality. No hassles.

OMEGA POSTERS prints for the community. Omega grew out of the CADRE printing program. They can print sizes up to 11x17 inches in four colors with separations provided. 711 S Dearborn. 939-7672.

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WOMEN'S REVOLUTIONARY ART COOP has formed to help women break the chains of the colonizing brainwashing that they have been subjected to all thier lives and to open up another front against the Amerikan Fatherland. Art Belongs To the People! 935-0364. Meetings are at La Dolores Center Wednesdays at 7:30pm. 2150 N Halsted.

Classes

LIBERATION SCHOOL FOR WOMEN is offering courses on Women's history, birth control, the radical women's movement, and many others. If you're interested in helping to set the school, call the Chicago Women's Liberation Union at 927-1790.

THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOL is operating on two fronts - survival through learning technical skills in communications and liberation through student-developed curricula - ranging from academic courses in Afro-American history to running a saturday evening coffeehouse. They have been operating a student-run food coop as well. Call 561-6737 for information on classes or programs. 4408 North Sheridan.

Draft

CAMP has counselors at the following locations to provide advice on discharges for hardship, CO and other outs, as well as lawyers for Court Martials, political problems, etc. for active duty servicemen:

AFSC: 427-2533
CADRE: 664-6895
MCDC: 427-3350

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE - 427-2533.
CHICAGO AREA DRAFT RESISTERS: 519 West North, 664-6895.
MIDWEST COMMITTEE FOR DRAFT COUNSELING : 427-3350.

NORTH SIDE
All Saints Church, 4550 N. Hermitage, 4 p.m. until 6 p.m. Thursday evenings.
Wellington Ave Draft Counselling: Wellington ave Congregational Church, 615 Wellington. 935-0642.
Uptown Draft Information Service: Hull House, 4520 N Beacon. 561-8033. Monday.
CADRE: 519 W. North. 664-6895.
Ravenswood-Uptown Interfaith Fellowship. Barry Methodist Church, 4754 N Leavitt, 784-3273
Lincoln Park Draft Counseling - 600 W Fullerton, 248-8828. 7pm to 10pm Monday to Thursday.

SOUTH SIDE
Chicago Black Anti-War, Anti-Draft Union. 446 S. Michigan Ave, 11am to 6pm daily. 300 E 39th St (YWCA) 7 to 9pm Tues, Thurs.
Hyde Park Draft Information Center: 5615 S Woodlawn. 363-1248.
Mandel Legal Aid Clinic, 6020 S University. 324-5181

South Side Draft Information Center: 2355 W. 63rd, 2nd Floor. 925-3686.

Roosevelt University Selective Service Counseling Organization. 430 S Michigan Ave. Room 110. 341-2016.

WEST SIDE
Lawndale Draft Counseling Program. 277-3140 or 762-2010 after 6 pm.
Austin Draft Counseling Center. 5903 West Fulton 626-9385.
SUBURBS

Gary - Lake County Draft Information Center, 3525 Jefferson, (219) 887-5037
Evanston - Peace and World Affairs Center, 926 Chicago, 475-2260.
Maywood - West Suburban Draft Counseling Center, 100 S 19th Ave, 344-2343.
Lombard - Draft Counseling Center, 1 South Park, 2nd floor, 629-9146
La Grange - Area Draft Information Group, 24 West Burlington. 352-6677.
Techny - North Shore Draft Information Group, Divine Word Seminary, 1835 Waukegan Rd, 272-2700.
Naperville - Council of Churches Information Center, 34 S Washington, 355-0210.
Oak Park - Village Draft Counseling Information Service, 1st Presbyterian Church, 931 Lake Street, 383-1872

FREE CITY EXCHANGE	281-7197	MDM	1303 Morrow	689-2525	Breadbasket	548-6540
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Y.A.T.S.	775-2211				Comm. of Ret. Vol. 840 W Oakdale	477-3340
Youth & Community Outreach	383-1872	Concerned Citizens	2512 N Lincoln	348-6842	Community Legal Counsel	726-0157
The Depot.	955-9347	IWW	2440 N Lincoln	549-5045	Lincoln Pk Rights Center	525-9775
Sunshine Aide 2440 W 59th	767-1565	Young Patriots	4400 N Sheridan	334-8957	ACLU 6 S. Clark	236-5564
Looking Glass (runaways) 1725 W Wilson	334-2601	LADO 2353 2353 W North		276-0909	People's Law 2156 N Halsted	929-1880
Grace Church (runaways) 555 W Belden	929-3553	Young Lords	834 W Armitage	549-8505	Counter Cultural Law Project	649-8576
Alice's Revisited 950 W Wrightwood	528-4250	Pontiac Four Def Comm 542 S Dearborn		922-8234	Mental Health Clinic 1900 N Sedgwick	642-3531
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Radio Free Chicago	273-3330	GAY LIBERATION			Fritz Engelstein Health Ctr	348-6842
People's Info Genter 2154 N Halsted	549-8626	Chicago Gay Liberation		525-5268	Abortion Counseling	643-3844
Job Co-op 3212 Broadway	549-1631	U of I Circle Campus day		663-2645	TRIAL - 2150 N Halsted	248-1600
N Side Coop Ministry	281-0690		night	528-0564	Black Panther Helath Clinic	522-3220
WOMEN'S LIBERATION		Roosevelt U		525-5268	Englewood Health Clinic 140 W 62nd	955-3220
Women's Liberation Union	927-1790	Women's Caucus		642-7476	Centro Para Salud Del Pueblo	276-0900
S Side Women's Ctr- 5406 S Dorchester	DO3-1348	Mattachine Midwest		334-2244	Benito Juarez Clinic 1831 N Racine	243-4844
La Dolores - 2150 N Halsted	935-0364				Dial A Beating 11th & State	PIG-4000
W Side Women's Ctr - 2874 W Cermak	927-1790	Third World Gay Revolutionaries		472-2967	Police Emergency	765-1313
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					Cook County POW Camp 2600 Calif	523-0101

THE SEED REACHES...

Here's a list of some of the places around the country that carry the Seed

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Berwyn - Alternative Store
Bloomington - Periphery
DeCatur - Michael Bruninga
Galesburg - Calico Cat Boutique
Galesburg - Danny Griffith
Lansing - Claudia Jensen
Lombard - Yorktown News
Moline - Church /Geo Marriott Jr.
Peoria - Spiro
Peoria - The Book Shack
Quincy - Mark Nemayer
Sterling - J J Gerdy
Villa Park - Closer to Home
Waukegan - Grand News Stand
West Chicago - Been a Long Time Comin
Zion - Paul Dravillas

INDIANA

Gary - Magazine Mart
Indianapolis - Kinetic Dormouse
Terre Haute - Dave Driver

IOWA

Ames - Magical Mushroom
Davenport - Alan Jackson

KANSAS

Pittsburgh - The Leather Shop

MICHIGAN

Detroit - Keep on Truckin
Marquette - Grapevine
Whitehall - Bill Kresnak

MISSOURI

Columbia - Hank Luttrell
St. Louis - Left Bank Books

NEBRASKA

Lincoln - Dirt Cheap
Scottsbluff - Peace of Leather

OHIO

Akron - Incubus
Akron - Rising up Angry
Athens - Independent Research Group
Cincinnati - Freedom News
Dayton - Steve Bailer
Dayton - The Head Shoppe
Sunbury - Wonder Bread
Toledo - Headquarters
Youngstown - Paul Martin

OKLAHOMA

Tulsa - L P 'nton
Knoxville - Flapdoodle
Knoxville - Odyssey
Nashville - Odyssey III

WISCONSIN

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Green Bay - UN Shoppe
Kenosha - Daisy
Manitowac - Hija House Imports
Milwaukee - Rene Hayback
Milwaukee - Interbang

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DISTRICT of COLUMBIA

Washington - Funky Leather
Washington - Sunflower Seed
Washington - Wash. Circle Books

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Gainesville - The New Plateau
Orlando - The Carnaby Boutique
Tampa - Casa Luna
Tampa - The Great Eclipse
Tampa - The Eclipse

MARYLAND

Hagerstown - The Crypt

NEW YORK

New York - J & A Dist
Rochester - Magic Dragon

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Washington - Atlantis

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CALIFORNIA

San Jose - Kets Books
Venice - Midnight Spec. Bookstore

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Haileiva - Radical Arts & Lit Ctr.

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Albuquerque - Headstop Co-op
Albuquerque - Movement Press
Roswell - Loquat Imports

OREGON

Salem - The Pastime

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Pullman - B. Ray Druian

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Louisville - The Wearhouse Boutique
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Greenville - Community Serv.

TEXAS

Denton - North Star
Denton - Peoples Community Ctr.
Fort Worth - White Panther Party
Houston - Gramphonics
Houston - Space City News

VIRGINIA

Richmond - Contemporary Pbl.

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fuck (fūk) v. **fucked**, **fucking**, **fucks**. —tr. 1. *Vulgar*. To have sexual intercourse with. 2. *Vulgar Slang*. To deal with in an aggressive, unjust, or spiteful manner. 3. *Vulgar Slang*. To mishandle; bungle. Usually used with *up*. —intr. 1. *Vulgar*. To engage in sexual intercourse. 2. *Vulgar Slang*. To meddle; interfere. Used with *with*. —n. 1. *Vulgar*. An act or instance of sexual intercourse. 2. *Vulgar Slang*. A partner in sexual intercourse. [Middle English *fucken*; a Germanic verb originally meaning "to strike, move quickly, penetrate" (akin to or perhaps borrowed from Middle Dutch *fokken*, to strike, copulate with); details uncertain owing to lack of early attestations. See *peig-* in Appendix.*]

The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, Houghton Mifflin, 1969

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I came upon a door which
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I found a veil past which
I could not see...
Some talk awhile of
THEE and ME...
And then someone said
"Eat at JEFF'S SNACK
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the poetry already!"
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(Good food - good people)

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REVIEWS

SOLEDAD BROTHER: The Prison Letters of George Jackson
Bantam Paperback
\$1.50 250 pp.

In 1960, George Jackson was accused of robbing \$70 from a gas station. He agreed to plead guilty in return for a short term in the county jail, but when it came time for sentencing he was double-crossed and sent to the penitentiary for one year to life. He was eighteen years old. He's been in prison ever since.

Ordinarily, a person in for one-to-life on a minor robbery charge can expect to be free shortly after a year is up. In return for freedom, however, he must play his captor's games. He must cover up his anger, hide his contempt, impress his enemies with demonstrations of repentance and contrition:

No black will leave this place if he has any violence in his past, until they see that thing in his eyes. And you can't fake it, resignation -- defeat, it must be stamped clearly across the face.

But George Jackson refused to give up the only freedom he had -- the freedom to be himself, to articulate his rage and his defiance. If he let his jailor's force their will upon him, if he allowed himself to be turned into their image of a good nigger, he'd just be another docile black man smiling on the way to extinction. He knew the folly of obedience. Anger was the only thing that could keep his soul alive; and if anger isn't expressed, if it's turned inward, the self withers away bit by bit, and finally dies. George Jackson didn't want to suffer that kind of death. He was a desperate man.

The letters in this book (written from 1964 on) are a record of almost superhuman strength and determination. In spite of constant harassment, injustice, betrayals, and misunderstandings, Jackson tirelessly makes himself over into what he wants to be. He sleeps only three hours a night in order to have as much time as possible for study and physical exercise. He reads everything he can get his hands on that will help him understand why the country is so fucked up and what can be done to change it. He masters his own emotional life so that he can be independent of external conditions, a free agent. And he is always struggling for political awareness, which he correctly identifies as the only factor that can save him from fatal emotional and intellectual confusion.

The book opens with a long, autobiographical letter in which Jackson writes about growing up in Chicago and Los Angeles and the events which led up to his imprisonment. This is followed by early letters to his parents, letters which painfully ask for acceptance and show the anguish of someone who feels himself absolutely alone in the world, understood by no one. More recent letters are to people he feels closer to, and speak for the first time of love and hope.

It is interesting to follow the changes which Jackson goes through during the course of these letters. Initially he writes disparagingly of women, whom he considers inherently weak and inferior, helpmates to the men who are charged with carrying on the important work in the world. But later, after he has had contact with women he can admire -- Angela Davis, his lawyer Fay Stender, Joan from the Soledad Defense Committee -- he changes his views, mentioning at one point that a primary triumph of the Cuban revolution was that it enabled women to assume the same roles in society as men. He slowly realizes that emotional strength and independence does not mean that he must cut himself off from love and gratifying human relationships. He finally sees that although he had been trying so hard to get his parents to accept him, it is just as important for him to accept and love them. And his political intelligence steadily increases until it is something remarkable.

George Jackson may never get out of jail alive. He and two other prisoners are charged with the murder of a guard in the Soledad Prison. No evidence of their guilt has been brought forth, but they were all known "troublemakers" and thus handy scapegoats. If convicted, they will receive a mandatory death sentence.

The last letter in the book was written two days after Jonathan Jackson, George's brother, was killed in the courthouse at San Raphael:

August 9, 1970
Real Date, 2 days A.D.

Dear Joan,

We reckon all time in the future from the day of the man-child's death.

Man-child, black man-child with submachine gun in hand, he was free for a while. I guess that's more than most of us can expect.

I want people to wonder at what forces created him, terrible, vindictive, cold, calm man-child, courage in one hand, the machine gun in the other, scourge of the unrighteous -- "an ox for the people to ride"!!!

Go over all the letters I've sent you, any reference to Georgia being less than a perfect revolutionary's mama must be removed. Do it now! I want no possibility of anyone misunderstanding her as I did. She didn't cry a tear. She is, as I am, very proud. She read two things into his rage, love and loyalty.

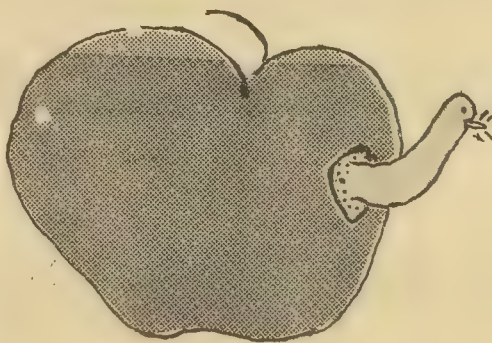
I can't go any further, it would just be a love story about the baddest brother this world has had the privilege to meet, and it's just not popular or safe -- to say I love him.

Cold and calm though. "All right, gentlemen, I'm taking over now."

Revolution,

George

--Norman Bates



By now, each member of the Beatles has released a 'solo' album, showing how each stands on his own.

Back in those carefree days of early 1964, John Lennon was known as more than just a Beatle -- he was THE Beatle. A lot of things have gone down in the past seven years -- dope trips, spiritual trips, Yoko -- but Lennon was still usually regarded by teeny-boppers across the world as The Beatle.

The Beatle has a 'solo' album out now, without the super-screaming Yoko or Eric Clapton, just two excellent back-up musicians ('The Plastic Ono Band' is merely the name of the musicians who happen to play behind Lennon at any given moment). He wrote every cut and stands out far in front of his sidemen. Therefore he gets the blame.

Lennon is into a new trip. Himself. He patiently explains he no longer digs Jesus, Buddha, Paul, or anyone other than John Lennon, Yoko, and his mummy, as long as his mummy stays dead. "I just believe in me / Yoko and me / and that's reality."

The pretentious lyrics on this record read like the past eleven issues of Psychology Today. Lennon finally accepts his mother's death, he talks about things like isolation, hippies, love and Yoko -- but mostly he talks about himself and Yoko.

I told you before, stay away from my door
Don't give me that brother, brother, brother, brother
The freaks on the phone, won't leave me alone
So don't give me that brother, brother, brother, brother
I found out!

Yes, a working class hero is something to be
If you want to be a hero, well just follow me.

If you want to hear forty minutes of some guy singing about how great he is, this record is your cup of crap. Listening to an album of Cassius Clay's early poetry is more interesting and more educational.

Musically, all eleven cuts sound almost exactly alike. I can't comment on them individually, as by now they all sound the same -- and that sameness isn't good. It carries no hint of the Beatles' genius; it makes the stupidity of bubble gum rock sound heavy by comparison.

Separately, the Beatles are the greatest advertisement for working collectively yet seen. Together they changed the nature of the record industry and made possible much of the great work around today. Individually, they are nothing. Lennon sings about how fucked up he is; Harrison releases three records of bubble gum poop mixed in with a few good cuts and a heavy jam or two; Starr not only shows that he isn't much of a star, but that he knew it all along; and McCartney shows he can play a lot of instruments and record some interesting music, but along he's no Beatle.

I was the Walrus
But now I'm John
And so dear friends
You just have to carry it on
The dream is over.

If this record is any indication, the dream certainly is over. It's too bad, because Goo Goo Goo Joob sounded better.

--Mike Gold

Well, all the critics like BREWSTER McCLOUD and said that it had something to do with birds and men and freedom and technology and murder and environment and narks and Houston but, they added, it's not really about birds and men and freedom etc. In fact, they said you shouldn't look for much of a story or theme at all because the movie is so spacey and flipped out (that's a defensive way of saying it's incoherent). One might ask why, if the film is all that trippy, it bothered with the birds and all that crap to begin with, but then, you can't argue with success, and Robert Altman certainly had a success with M.A.S.H., so 'Brewster McCloud' can't be that bad, can it...?

Yes, it can, and it is. About half an hour into the film you get the point that it's going to be positively psychedelic in its loose associations, and you start waiting for it to get funny as well as far-out. And you wait, and wait, and wait... I remember chuckling once, but I can't recall at what. I don't think it was at any of the scatology -- although there was plenty let me tell ya -- because the last time I laughed at excretia was when a cow decided to take a shit right before Garry Moore's very nose on 'I've Got a Secret' (remember 'I've Got a Secret'?). Now that's humor! Robert Altman, on the other hand...

M.A.S.H. worked because its isn't-the-military-insane attitude was a proven winner (Joseph Heller was the mother of us all) and served to tie things together, and Elliot Gould, Donald Sutherland and Robert Duvall are all fine comic actors, and Altman's head is wild enough so that when he has something to keep him in bounds he can be really funny. But in 'Brewster McCloud' he obviously felt that anything goes, and the best he could come up with was bird shit (as a running gag it's not nearly so effective as the spurting blood and gaping wounds in M.A.S.H.). Very little works. Even the double beginning of the film -- the titles are shown twice -- must have seemed good on paper, but, typically, Altman works too hard; the effect is so massive and the laugh yield so meager that it is annoying.

Annoying too is the film's lack of position on anything. (Again, some would call this spacey; I call it wishy-washy). There is a nark who gets killed with guano, but he's a silly comic-book nark and his absurd death is guaranteed not to offend anyone. Besides, there isn't much dope around in the film so he's safely out of context. The police are all bumbler, incapable of doing harm to anyone. Until the end, that is, when they finally shoot Brewster down. (Oh, I forgot to mention that Brewster McCloud is the hero of the picture and he's living in a storage room in the basement of the Houston Astrodome, ya see, building this flying machine so he can escape the oppressive tyranny of gravity and the weight of his all to mortal flesh -- I'm not kidding -- and he actually thinks he's a bird or might become a bird or once was a bird or something like that.) Brewster's death, however, is so outlandish -- stupidly outlandish -- that even Altman seems uncomfortable and is forced to follow it up with a circus, it's all-just-a-show finale.

Apparently, the moguls at MGM think that a large part of their audience now is spaced out. They're probably right. They also seemingly believe that these freaks will relate to anything non-linear, even if it's lacking in humor, grace, or subtlety. They're probably wrong.

WHO INVENTED

JOHN WAYNE?

Many people think that RIO LOBO is a John Wayne film and immediately dismiss it. But it is also a Howard Hawks film. Hawks is a great director, and he has made at least three great John Wayne films -- 'Red River', 'Rio Bravo', and 'El Dorado'. In fact, Hawks invented John Wayne, and used him as the central figure around whom to build the modern western.

'Rio Lobo' isn't a great film, but it has its points and is far better than most of the stuff on view today. The director is manipulating the same themes he's used often before: the glorious intimacy of violence; the necessity to do what has to be done, especially with a six-shooter; the adoration of professionalism and courage. Even the characters are familiar from earlier films; the aging but still-efficient gunfighter (John Wayne, of course); the younger, more romantic gunfighter; the snippy old man who provides comic relief. And, as always, Hawks' women are also people of action: they're stubborn; they get their way; and they always end up killing somebody.

Hawks is aging, as is his hero -- in 'Rio Lobo', John Wayne gives up even the pretense of sexual interest. The film is much more personal than it would first seem to someone unfamiliar with Hawks' earlier work, but it's worth seeing for everyone.

--Lee Schiffman

EXPOSING SPES

(continued from p. 3)

Phone book---don't forget "Directory Assistance" for new listings.

Polk's City Directory or the Addressakey---available at central libraries, they list heads of households, their jobs, who they work for, and where they work. Sections are alphabetical by name, by street address, and by phone number.

796-9600---give the lady the phone number and she'll give you the name and address listed for it.

real estate agencies---present an address to the County Clerk, and he'll give you an index number. Take the index number to the County Assessor, and He'll give you a listing. Both offices are at 118 N. Clark, 321-5500. Say hello to P. J. Crookerton while you're there.

landlords---say you're an old friend or checking out job references.

voter registration---records are kept in room 308, City Hall. Say you're doing a term paper.

birth and death certificates, marriage licenses---give the name, date of birth and/or death, and the names of the parents or spouse. The Bureau of Vital Statistics is at 130 N. Wells, 321-7790.

court records---you can get information on proceedings held in the various court branches if you know the name used in the case. Room 601, Civic Center is the main branch for civil, 1006 in the same building is the center for criminal cases in the Municipal Branch. For info on other divisions look in the phone book.

driving---the Secretary of State in Springfield will give you a list of someone's traffic record and verify ownership of a vehicle. They require the driver's license number for the first case and registration and/or plate numbers for the second. Each deal costs \$2.

military---Selective Service Law says that you can dig on someone's draft file if they give you a signed and dated note in their own writing. Remember that policemen are draft-exempt.

utilities---make friends with somebody in the billing department.

medical records---consult your neighborly physician.

credit bureaus---a very important resource. Movement For A Democratic Military unmasked two informers through credit checks.

imagination---double this list.

After doing the above checks, your "investigation" becomes a process of matching what you've been told with what you've uncovered.

Keep several things in mind while you're looking

into a suspicious person. Investigating somebody doesn't mean that you have to come on like Mike Hammer---after all, you may be wrong in your suspicions. On the other hand, don't let somebody bluff you if all reports spell P-I-G.

Remember to be flexible. You may have to assume several identities and play several games while running your check.

Don't use a movement phone to talk to sources. Remember that you may want to keep someone around even if they are working for the authorities. A pig in the hand is often worth two in the bush.

Finally, never forget that your life is a combination of all sorts of things, and that the best protection you have rests with the new kinds of social relationships we're trying to build. Each time we make a leap (whites and blacks, individuals and groups, men and women as equals, open organizations, power to the people) we run the risk of infiltration, but doing things righteously offers greater protection than any safeguard mentioned in this article. As the Ramparts piece says, "the very things that we are trying to overcome are the things that police use against us to turn us into informers---rivalry, jealousy, materialism and authoritarian attitudes." We ought to be on our toes, but our best protection rests with our own togetherness.

Barry B. Bloodhound

Due to persistent complaints on the part of subscribers that they aren't receiving their Seeds until weeks after they come out, we are changing our subscription rates to allow for first class mailings, instead of third-class as it has been until now. The new rates will be:

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\$12.00 to institutions for a 26 issue subscription mailed out first class.

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No more free subs to Vietnam---we just can't afford it.

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☐ institution---\$12.

☐ Canada---\$8 or \$12.

☐ Overseas---\$15.

☐ Prisoners---free.

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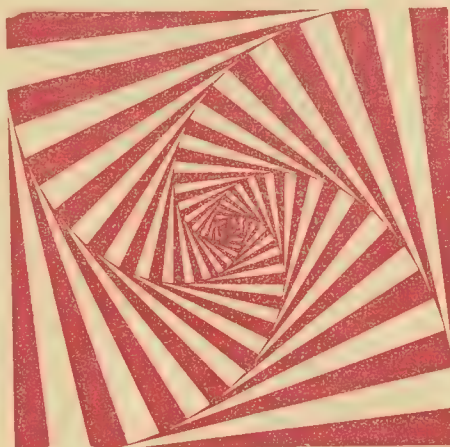
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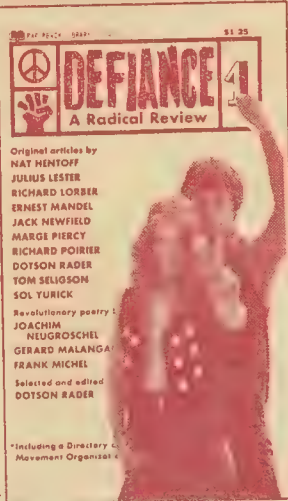
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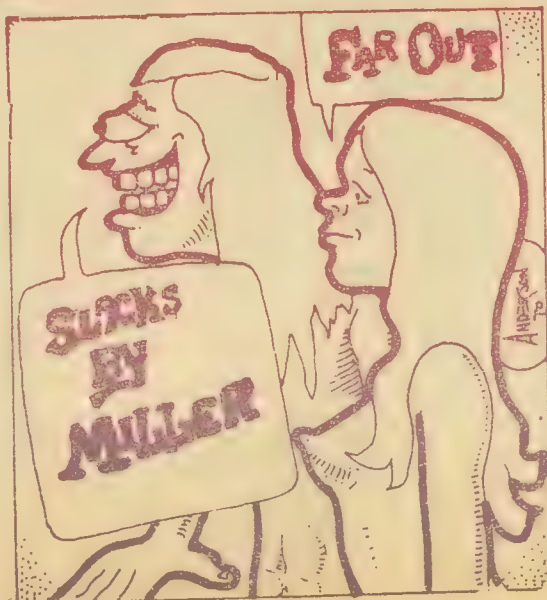
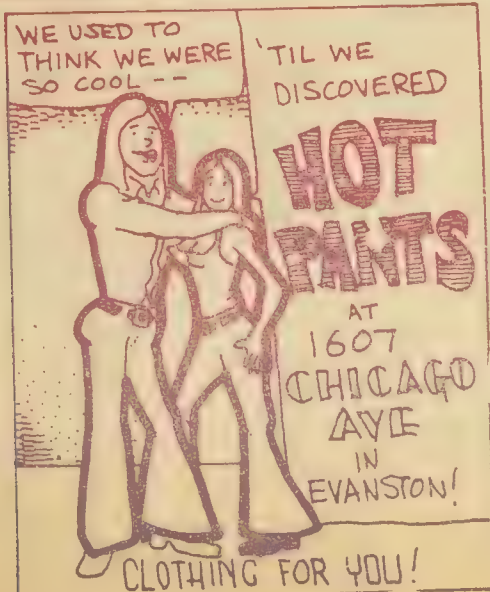
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CALENDAR

COMMUNITY

COLLEGE OF COMPLEXES, 105 W. Grand Avenue, has a series of talks and rap sessions in the St. Regis Cafe (same address) at 9 p.m.

Jan. 9— "Chicago Dailies: The Most Competitive and Productive Press in the Country—Huh.," by Chris Candler, former writer for Chicago Sun Times.

Jan. 16 "The Civil War on the South side" by Sergeant Charles Glass of the Chicago Police Department.

Jan. 23 "Your Concentration Camp: And Mine!" by Ross Harano, of the Japanese American Citizens League.

Chicago Gay Liberation holds new members sessions on Thursdays at 7:30 p.m. at 2942 N. Clark. If you are interested in Gay Lib experiences, or just rapping with other gay people, drop by. Everyone is welcome. For more info. call 373 1420.

Chicago Gay Alliance holds rap sessions every Thursday at 8 p.m. 1909 N. Mohawk. Business meetings at Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church, 600 W. Fullerton (use Geneva St. entrance), at 3 pm Sundays. All meetings open, everybody welcome.

MUSIC

ALICE'S REVISITED, 950 Wrightwood:

Jan. 8-9 Otis Rush

Jan. 15-16 Sam Lay Blues Band with Lucille Spann

Jan. 22-23 John Little John with Jimmy Rogers

Jan. 29-30 (Fri) is Mihal Richard Abrams Jazz (guitar), Sat. is Maurice McIntyre Jazz (guitar)

Thursdays are Jam Nites (8-30) Eddie Shaw Blues Band

Sundays are live shows, and open floor. Weekend performers are 7-2. Donations \$1.00. Advance \$1.50.

Call 526-4260 for further information.

THE BARBAROSSA 1117 N. Dearborn, has folk music every Friday and Saturday nights. Fridays at 10:30 and 12:30 Sat at 10:30, 12:30 and 2:00 a.m. Also features bar and chess. Call 944-8959 for further information.

JANUARY 22 Benefit concert at the Miles North Auditorium, 9800 N. Lawler, (Lawler & Old Orchard Road in Skokie) Friday nite, 7:00-11:00. Lots of entertainment by local talent & rock, folk-rock and jazz groups. Donations \$1.00. Sponsored by the "Family," a group of H.S. students who are starting a much needed coffee house center for people up in the North Suburbs. We need a lot of help. For further information call Dan at 679 1478.

JANUARY 18 "Howlin' Wolf" and the "Cannonball Adderley Quintet" at 8:00 p.m. in Mandel Hall, 5706 South University Ave., (University of Chicago). Tickets are \$4, \$3.50 and \$3 with student I.D. Sponsored by Revitalization, at the University of Chicago. For further information call 643 0800, ext. 260 or 288 6610, ext. 3202.

JANUARY 16 Transylvania Time Creators Co-op Jam Session and Feed-In, at Illinois Masonic Drug Abuse Clinic, 887 W. Nelson, 7-10. \$2.00 now, \$2.50 at door. Call 525 0866 for further information.

THE QUIET KNIGHT, Belmont and Sheffield, presents McLean Four Stage Group every Monday night. Siegal-Schwab Blues Band performs every Tuesday night. In addition, special weekend programs are:

Jan. 13-14—

Jan. 13-16— Tom Paxton

Jan. 17— Woody Herman

Jan. 20-21— Dave Van Ronk with Pat and Victoria Garvey.

Jan. 27— Spider John Kerner

For show times and prices call 348-9509.

AUDITORIUM THEATRE. Triangle Theatrical Productions presents Neil Young, of CSNY fame, in two concerts on January 16 (Saturday) at 7:00 and 10:00 p.m. Tickets from \$3.50 to \$6.50, through Ticketron.

January 17th—RISING UP ANGRY benefit, 3 pm to 1 am at Alice's. Killer Bands, Killer Raps, Movies and More. Donation of a dollar goes to the Angry Legal Program to aid brothers and sisters busted by police. Contact Angry if you want to help them get bands and publicize the event. 471-1791.

DRAKE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, 2722 S. Martin Luther King Drive. The South Commons Music Theater presents Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance," for the benefit of Community Christian Church, January 22, 23, and 24 at 8:00 pm; also January 24 at 2:00 pm. Donations \$2 adults (% 2:00 pm. Donations \$2 adults (\$2.50 reserved) \$1 children (\$1.25 reserved). For info call 225-4845 or 225-5017.

THEATER

GOODMAN THEATRE—The Resident Company presents "Twelfth Night" now through Dec. 20 and Dec. 29 through Jan. 10. The Children's Theatre Company presents "Ali Baba and the Magic Cave" Jan 9 through Jan 24, Sats & Suns., and "A Threepenny Christmas or the Legend of Nick the Saint" Dec. 19 to Jan 3. The Studio Theatre Company presents "A Scent of Flowers" through December 19. For price and time information call CE6 7060.



KINGSTON MINES THEATRE COMPANY, 2356 N. Lincoln Ave., presents the world premiere of an original rock and roll musical of the late '50's, GREASE, written by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey. Opening January 29 at 8:30. Admission \$2.50. For reservations and ticket information call 525-9893.

FREE THEATRE, 3257 N. Sheffield, presents ACHILLES, by Robert Perrey, every Sunday at 7 and 9 p.m. and every Monday at 7:30 and 9 through February. Admission is free. Call 929-6920 for information.

PLAYHOUSE THEATRE CLUB, 315 W. North Ave., presents the Chicago Repertory's production of Mrozek's Tango a lively and witty parable of modern history. Performances are at 8:30 on Friday and Saturday, and 7:30 on Sunday, beginning January 8th.

THE ORGANIC THEATRE, 2259 N. Lincoln, present "Candide", Wed-Fri, at 8:30. tickets \$2.50. Sat at 10:30, tickets \$3.00, students \$1.50. For reservations call 477-1977.

ALICE'S, 950 W. Wrightwood, The Chicago Extension presents improvisational theater, Wednesdays, 8:30 pm. Free.

THE BODY POLITIC, 2259 N. Lincoln. The Chicago Extension presents improvisational theater. Sundays, 8:30 pm. Free.

DANCE TROUPE OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE 3257 N. Sheffield, performs a new experimental piece called "Fossils" Wed. Dec. 16, and every Wed. from Jan 6 to 27 at 8 pm. donation—\$7.

FLICKS

3-PENNY CINEMA, 2433 N. Lincoln: Xmas Film Festival, benefits for the Chicago Peace Council:

Jan. 10— Limglight (Chaplin)

Jan. 24— The Shape of Things to Come

Jan. 31—Grand Illusion

Feb. 7— Monsieur Verdeaux.

\$2.00 per film or \$10.00 for the series. For more information call the Chicago Peace Council, 922-6676.

BIOGRAPH THEATRE, 2433 N. Lincoln, presents "Yellow Submarine", and "Let It Be" Jan. 1-7. Admission \$1.25. Call DI 8-4123 for further information.

CLASSES

Chinese Gong-Fu is an eclectic science of self-defense that creates a divine man and woman. Believe it! Parkway Community Center, 500 E. 67th Street. Call John Thomas, HY 3-1306 for further info.

VILLAGE SCHOOL OF FOLK MUSIC, 631 Deerfield Road, Deerfield, Illinois, begins its Winter Session of Guitar and Banjo lessons on Jan. 11. Call 945-5321 for details of winter classes.

Alternate University at Circle Campus. Wide range of learning experiences (poetry, ring-making, self-defense, Chicago "culture," guerrilla theatre, and much more). Contact the Hartford Committee, 317 Chicago Circle Center, 663-466 if you would like to teach a course or obtain a timetable.

LA DELORES CENTER, 2150 N. Halsted Ave. sponsors community services for women including Women's History Workshops every Thursday at 8 p.m. The Women's Revolutionary Art Co-op meets every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Based on the idea that anyone can be an artist, its purpose is to help increase natural artistic ability. For further info. call 935-0324

REVOLUTIONARY MARXISM political education classes are being held every Tues. & Thurs. at 7:30 p.m. at 1210 W. Wrightwood, 3rd floor. Come and rap about revolutionary alternatives to this fucked up system.

SCIENTOLOGY lectures, free every Friday and Sunday evening at 7:30 p.m., at the Norrad Scientology Center, 701 W. Sheridan Road (3900 N.). For further information, call 929-4343.

CONTINUING THINGS

THE CRAFTS CO-OP, on the 3rd floor of the Blue Gargoyle, 5655 S. University, is open Mon, Wed, Thurs, and Fri from 11:30 till 3:00. Thurs. nite till 10. Pottery, jewelry, leather batik, prints, made by the community. Reasonable prices.

Kendale College Coffeehouse in Evanston—entertainment every Friday 8-12—25¢ admission. Free pop corn, cheap softdrinks. Groups interested in playing call 864-0234.

Zodia Coffee House and Gallery—2938 W. 63rd Open Wed 6-12pm, Fri.&Sat. from 7:30 on. Music and raps. 50¢ admission. For further information call 776-0130

ABRAXAS COFFEEHOUSE, 1315 W. Loyola Ave. is open most nights at 8 p.m. and features drink, conversation, music, poetry art, etc. Phone 743-9565.

GARDEN OF OLIVE, 1555 W. Devon (6300 North). Free coffee, tea, raps. Tues. nite features lectures (informative not bullshit) on drugs by George Peters Open 6:30 to midnight. Phone 465-9474 for further information.

KINGSTON MIMES CO. STORE, 2356 Lincoln good food, open 3 p.m. — 3 a.m. Mon.-Thurs. Fri.-Sun. all night. On Tues. features improvisational theatre. Weds. movies, weekends folk jam sessions.

THE OTHER DOOR Coffee House, 3124 Broadway, is open daily 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. Weds. at 9 p.m. Fridays open discussions, poetry readings, and free music.

BLUE GARGOYLE COFFEEHOUSE - 5655 S. University. Open Mon-Fri nites. Tuesday nites features poetry readings. Thursday is blues nite. In addition, the Blue Gargoyle holds community meetings and houses offices for the New University Conference, the U. of Chicago's Womens Liberation Chapter, and the Panther Defense Committee. For further information call 955-5826.

IT'S HERE COFFEEHOUSE, 6455 N. Sheridan features folk singers & satirists. Fri.-Sun. Doors open at 7:30, shows at 8 & 10:30. \$2.50 per person. \$.75 minimum. Call SH 3-9781 for further information.

SPEAK EASY, at Third Unitarian Church, 301 North Mayfield Ave. A coffee house setting with speakers and/or entertainment every Friday. Admission and refreshments free.

CAFE TOPA—presents East Lynne, the daddy of all Meller Drammers, Dec. 25 opening. 8:30 Fridays and Saturdays and 7:30 Sundays, coffee \$2.00. for info and reservations call 549-8818.

ALICES, 950 W. Wrightwood, has classes in Macrame (knotting craft) Tuesdays at 5 till 6. There is psycho-drama from 7 till 9, and poetry after that.

Wednesdays, there are free guitar lessons from 7:30—8:30; also an artists workshop at the same time.

THE PEOPLES SCHOOL, 4409 N. Sheridan, is having liberation classes featuring courses such as philosophy, music, occult, photography, earth class, street medicine, Afro history, creative writing, etc. FREE Mon.-Thurs. For further information call 561-6737.

CREATIVE MARXISM: Alternative Futures for America, Sundays at 4 and Tues. at 7:30. A seminar dealing with ecological and technological possibilities for America's future, and the relevance of Marxism. Call 348-7119 for location and further details.

OLD TOWN SCHOOL OF FOLK MUSIC, 909 W. Armitage Ave. has classes on guitar, banjo, mandolin and dulcimer. Call 525-7472 or 525-7621 for further information.

THE COUNTRY PHOTOGRAPHY WORK SHOP has classes for beginners and advanced students who want to learn to use their heads as well as their cameras. Call 248-9294 for further information.

VILLAGE SCHOOL OF FOLKMUSIC, 631 Deerfield Road, in Deerfield, Ill. teaches courses in American traditional folk music (guitar, banjo, autoharp, mandolin, voice, dulcimer and recorder). The school also has a complete selection of instruments, music books, and accessories. For further info. call 945-5321.

FREE POETRY CLASS, Jan. 10 at 2:30 p.m. at the Buddhist Temple of Chicago, 1151 W. Leiland. Learn how to write haiku. Call 869-3707 for further info.

MUSIC IS NEWS

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our energy, dra vs our hope, purges
and thes us. It is our life, but not our
solution. A small part, maybe."

Jaime Brockett: Always coming, always
gone, yet always with us. "I'm Jaime
Brockett, I'm Gen. Custer, I'm P. T. Barnum,
I'm a mind drift pervert from Denver who
just plays music."

Maury Muehleisen—Gingerbreadd:
Traveler west through imagination.
Opaque and lucid thought/feeling;
nostalgia. "Right now we're all
experiencing the ever since."

Don Nix—In God We Trust: "with special
thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Greene, John Fry,
Denny Cordell, Leon Russell, Jim Stewart."
Open the door and see all the people.

McGuinness—Flint: Top of British charts
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THE OTHER SIDE

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Somewhere in the back of my head I have this picture of Fat "Freak Bros" Freddy careening down Alabama Street in his VW microbus, and as he passes the Better Foods store, he's honking his horn and yelling to everybody there, "The fascists are coming! The fascists are coming!" A stoned Paul Revere.

In my better moments I know it's not going to be like that though. Fascism in Amerika is going to look like an IBM salesman. The Black Panthers have been saying for some time that fascism is already here. I guess some of us won't know for sure until there's that knock on the door and they don't bother looking for the dope because they've brought their own. That happened to some White Panther people last week in Fort Worth.

The next step ought to be they don't even bother with phony charges. Just you name's enough. That may not be too far off either. Some people say what's been coming down in Canada is like a test run for the repression here. You signed any petitions lately? Watch out.

Used to be a "political prisoner" was what happened to some writer in Russia. Then we got us a few here. Huey Newton. They sent Lee Otis up for 30 years. Now the list is so long, you never even heard of all the names. People make nervous jokes: Free the Apollo 13! It's not funny. You notice how it's not just blacks any more either. A white skin isn't worth as much as it used to be.

Did you dig the shit just before the elections? That deal with Nixon in San Jose. Some friends of ours who were there said it was no big deal, a few eggs and things. But the papers made it sound like World War III. Same thing as what happened at the U. of H. Some half ass little incident gets blown up to justify killing all of us—hips, blacks, chicanos. Must really do your head if you're sitting off on a farm somewhere in Nebraska. The power of the press.

The San Jose thing was kind of interesting. If you're real paranoid, you might almost think it was a set-up. Last month at the University of Alabama a well-known student radical admitted to ACLU lawyers that he was an agent for both the FBI and the Tuscaloosa police department. Among his duties was the task of provoking students into committing acts of violence. They used to use Pinkerton men to do the same job on the labor movement. I'm not saying that's necessarily what happened in San Jose. Probably they didn't need a pig. I mean, what does Nixon expect?

Anyway, he was quick enough to try scoring points off the whole thing. Nixon was in California pumping for George Murphy who used to tap dance before he was a full-time fascist. Now he's out of a job because John Tunney got elected Senator. Maybe people didn't care about San Jose. But probably Tunney won because George Murphy is old and since he had a throat operation he sounds like a frog except they didn't use his voice during the campaign. Tunney manages to look like John Kennedy, which is somewhat hipper than an IBM salesman (though I'm not sure that they can't grow their sideburns a little longer now). Also his father was a very good fighter. I think Tunney is one of Spiro's radi-libs. That means they apologize for it when they come to take you away.

Spiro is a conserva-fash. After the San Jose thing he said, "It is time to sweep that kind of garbage out of our society." He meant the demonstrators. He said, "I say separate them in the same humane way that we separate the other misfits who interfere with social progress and interfere with the conduct of the business of one of the greatest nations in the world." He said that people who demonstrate don't belong on college campuses, but "in some place where they can receive some remedial instruction."

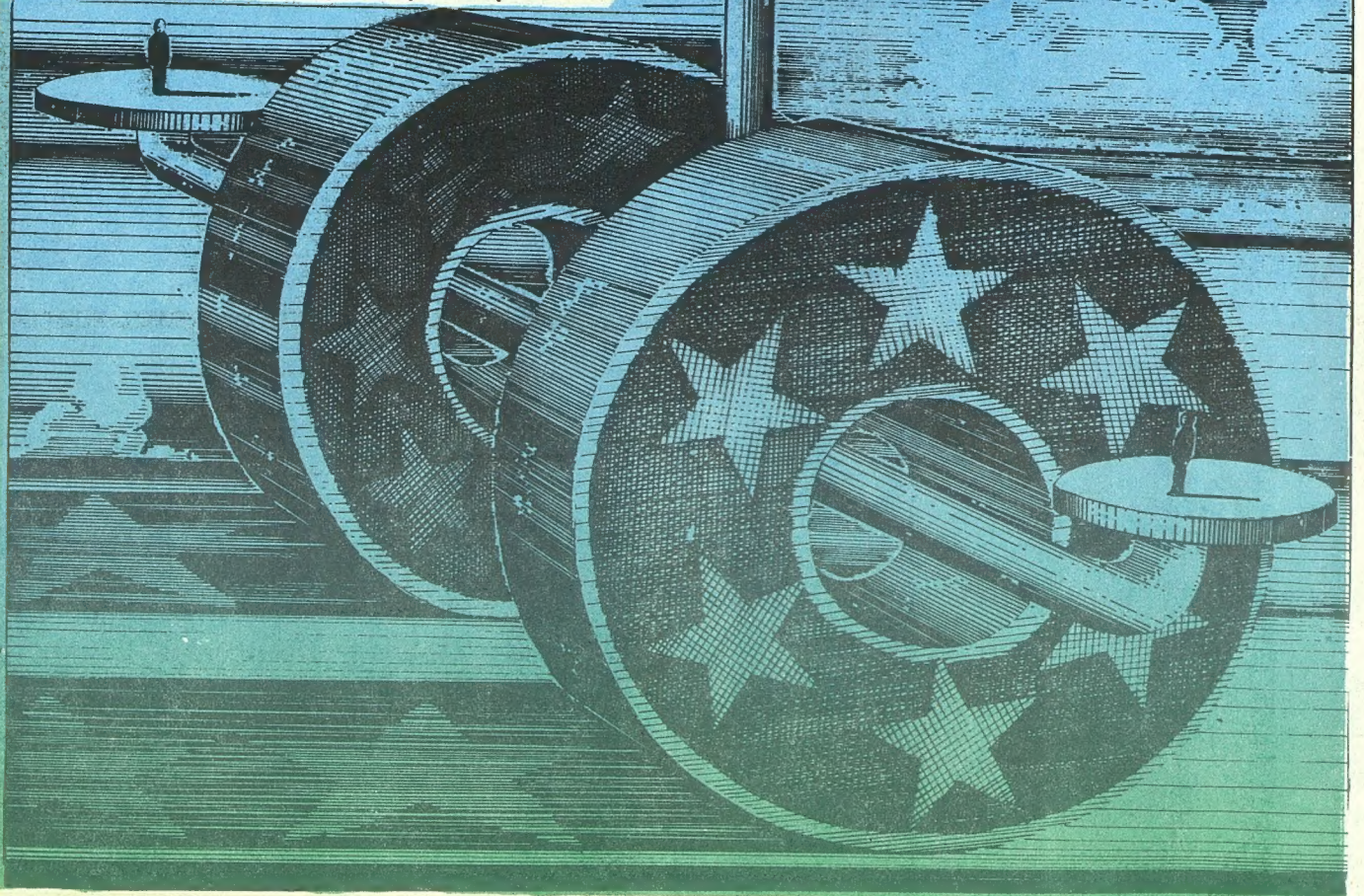
Nixon isn't quite so up-front Amerika uber alles. But he gets to the same place. He said the demonstrators are the "same thugs and hoodlums that have al-

ways plagued a good people." He said it was appeasement and permissiveness (Dr. Spock again, one presumes) rather than the Vietnam War and repression which encourages the "violent minority among the nation's youth." And that the solution is "the strong application of fair Amerikan justice." (My "k") You got to figure out for yourself what the "strong application" of "fair justice" is.

He also said lots of other weird things (like how "Law and order" means freedom from fear and not racism and repression), but it's kind of masochistic to keep reading off those quotes once you get the general idea.

People ought to get on to this stuff though. Because it's getting heavier every day and unless more people begin dealing seriously with it, it's going to be like that famous quote the preacher made about Nazi Germany: "Then they came for me, and by that time no one was left to speak up."

In October Nixon signed what passed through Congress as the "anti-crime" bill. It contains all sorts of provisions which weaken constitutional safeguards against illegally obtained evidence, listening devices, and self-incrimination. It also stiffens contempt of court provisions which have already been used to sentence radicals and their lawyers to years in prison.



But the most mindblowing section of the law permits federal judges to add 25 years to the sentence of any convicted person they think is a "dangerous special offender." A "dangerous special offender" can be anybody the judge considers to have "a pattern of criminal conduct" or anyone the judge feels was "part of a conspiracy to engage in a pattern of criminal conduct." The judge can put people away for an extra 25 years without charging them with a specific new crime, and without recourse to a jury trial.

If you don't worry about that because you're cool, you don't go around like some kind of revolutionary, you may get got anyway. Because they already have another law, called the Concentration Camp Law (anyway I call it that; they call it Public Law 831-81st Congress). If you go around like anything except what they go around like, probably at one time or another you've gotten your name on some list—they keep very good lists—and this law is for you.

It authorizes the President to declare the existence of an Internal Security Emergency. That means almost anything since an ISE is defined only in the vaguest terms. He may then apprehend and detain each person whom there is reasonable to believe probably will engage in or probably will conspire with others to engage in certain future illegal acts. The law says that persons apprehended shall be confined in places of detention.

The places of detention—mostly old renovated military bases—are ready and waiting now. See, to qualify for occupancy you don't have to break any law. You only have to be the sort of person who might in the future break the law. That could lead up to everybody just short of Miss Amerika and the IBM salesman.

It doesn't take much imagination to see where that might lead. Like it's clear that there's lots of really heavy power trippers up there. Suppose a few of them got together and decided to "sweep out the garbage" like Spiro says. All they'd have to do is send themselves a Weatherman letter, find somebody expendable (may-

be Spiro himself), and arrange for some dude to kill him and get away free.

They could probably pull it off too. Because in most places people aren't together good—especially whites. Can't you see people getting hauled off in trucks and they're chanting "Peace Now. Peace Now." Then some people who didn't get taken away would be very indignant and write letters and sign petitions, but mostly it would be all right because it was an ISE and that makes it legal.

People who blame radicals for the repression don't know what's coming down. The Concentration Camp Law was passed in 1950, and nobody was blowing up anything then. Repression is just what happens when people try to stop fascism.

Fascism is coming because it's the most efficient way to sell everybody snatch deodorant and thereby conquer the world. Trying to elect beautiful young radi-libs to foul up the game may stave off the really heavy repression for a while (and I'm not against that), but in the last analysis you know Spiro and what's his name are more puppets than puppet masters. It's the whole game that's got to go. We've got to replace it with a new game—a people's game. We're not ready for that yet. We're more ready than we used to be, but there's a lot of work still to do.

Meanwhile, we have to play both ends. Chip away at the Death Culture while we build the Life Culture. And we have to be ready to protect ourselves. Let them know that when they come for us, when they come for brothers and sisters, we won't go quietly.

I won't go quietly. I won't go at all. You can put that down beside my name. Now you know about me. But what about the others? I think every day you wait, there's more of them that won't go either. Not quietly. Not ever. Power to the People's gonna eat you up, IBM.

— Dennis Fitzgerald
reprinted from Space City





Feedback
Chicago Seed
950 W. Wrightwood
Chicago, Illinois
60614

Dear Seed,

My brother and I are busted and laying up in the Bridewell (better known as the House of Corruption), awaiting trial on a trumped up burglary charge.

We are here mainly because the Establishment is doing everything they can do to prevent us from getting money out of our Trust Fund to use for posting bond and hiring an Attorney.

At the rate of speed the wheel of Justice is turning it will be six more months (or longer) before we are released from captivity.

Being in this Rat-Hole is a Real Drag! to say the least. None of our family members are living, and we do not receive any mail, and that is really bugging us. Would you ask the Brothers and Sisters who read the Seed to drop us a line? Power to the People!

Right on!

Ernest Ousley
57716 Drom no. 3
2800 S. California Ave.
Chicago

Lucius Ousley
57717 Dorm no. 3
2800 S. California
Chicago.

Concerned!
Banu

the doors? Doesn't anyone believe in giving people air? I don't understand!

People who couldn't even find a corner to collapse in just walked around the Syndrome endlessly. A constant flow of people walking in circles. It was freaking me out. For sure, I thought the place was going to go up in a puff of smoke! Don't the promoters give a shit about us? Or are they too concerned and wrapped up in counting the bread they raked in while they piled us in one on top of another, hotter than hell, no room to move, and most of all trying to suffocate us. We're people not rodents. Can't we do something about it? Music has got to be heard! And you have to be able to get into it. People are down on so many things as it is. Why fuck up our music too! We have to have something!

Dear Sir:

I will be using many varieties of flowering and cultivated plants in my research and teaching. I would like to obtain a copy of the Seed Buyers Guide to help me in locating the many seeds required in my work.

Please add my name to your mailing list for a standing order of the buyers guide.

Sincerely yours,
Hugh A. Johnson, Ph.D.
Asst. Professor of Biology

Dear FOX,

It was too late to run your ad for Dec. 31, but we are printing the contents here, and the other suggestions you sent us, for the information of our readers: BUY A CAN OF TUNA

Then—March downtown with it, Thursday, December 31st, 11 pm. Throw the poisoned death producing stuff at the building at 219 S. Dearborn that gives space to the departments of (not too much) Agriculture, FDA, HEW, and especially Environmental Health Service.

Drop off a can of tuna for a hungry government employee—outside doors at 219 S. Dearborn. Dump your tuna at 219 S. Dearborn. Feed a hungry cat at 219 S. Dearborn. Come to the Chicago Tuna Party, Dec. 31st, 11 pm, 219 S. Dearborn.

The FOX

If you wish to hold another Tuna Party sometime in the future, please let us know about a month in advance, so that we will be able to advertise it in time.

The Seed

Dear Seed,

Doesn't anyone in this great windy city care about the people in it? It's getting so shitty that you can't even go somewhere to hear live music of a group you really dig! I'm speaking of the Syndrome You pay outrageous prices in the first place and you can't even breath; is it me or is it really happening? Everyone knows I'm sure that in this society if you want to enjoy live music you must PAY! So if you have to pay why the hell can't the promoters make it at least comfortable enough for you to breath? Do they have something against AIR!! (Polluted, but it's air) I went one time. Excited to see the group "Ten Years After." And the whole night was fucked! I had to leave one hour after I got there. I couldn't stand it. They stuffed us in there like cattle ready for shipment. You pay to hear music and you can't even get into it. You're either sweating to death or gasping for a breath of air. Once they pack you in there why the hell can't they open

\$50,000 REWARD WANTED

DEAD OR ALIVE THE FOX

Call Sheriff of DuPage County at 668-0900, or Mr. Edward C. Logelin, vice-president, public relations, U.S. Steel Co., 208 S. LaSalle. 329-2000.

WANTED: A place where Free City Exchange can crash. If you have a spare storefront or closet for rent, contact the Seed or call 943-2683.

Serious student of contemporary non-electric music needs home for self and music. Need 2 or 3 bedroom place. Can pay Reasonable Rent. Box 1, Seed.

intercourse revisited

For Sale: '65 VW Bus-Good Condition-\$500. 472-7462

Sister needs ride to LA-Share expenses & can drive
Call 787-2857

Dear Seed,

I was quite disappointed and a little hurt at your reply to Marianne and friends in your last issue (Vol. 6 no. 4). Your reply did, I think, help people to understand some of the problems that a good, underground paper has to deal with, but the reasons stated for not making people feel welcome (with which I disagree) didn't really deal with the criticism that she raised.

That is that you couldn't even be out front about why it might not be cool for a lot of people to be in the office. Instead of being open about these problems and relating to Marianne and friends out of the love and respect I know you have for people, you just sort of ignored them, hoping that they'd just go away. And they left, probably feeling that there must be something wrong with themselves. You can be out front with people and isolate them from yourselves (and think that's what you were afraid of), or you can be out front with people in such a way as to share the love and trust you have for each other. I have both made people feel unwelcome and have felt that way myself and realize that at times I acted out of liberalism and love of myself rather than love and respect.

One of the reasons that is given for not welcoming volunteer help is that much of the work requires skills that most people are not familiar with and that teaching these skills would take longer than doing what needs to be done. For some time this is what new people, especially women, have had to face in many organizations. It's not a conscious thing, but sometimes we guard our skills jealously. It's been essentially women who have shown people through practice to share their skills freely, even if it means moving a little slower.

One of the most important functions any movement newspaper has at this time is to give as many people as possible the skills necessary for putting out a paper. It's understood that at some time not too far away the Seed and many other papers will be illegal. It may become necessary for a person to put out a paper alone or train other people. Everyone who is preparing to fight the coming repression should know something about putting out a publication, and newspapers that already exist should be helping as many people as possible to prepare themselves.

You say that you are constantly on guard against hangerson. Reread that and think about that again. Sometimes people become hangerson because other people choose to see them that way. Sometimes we force people to accept that role because we make sure they don't do anything else, because thinking of someone in that way makes us feel a bit more important. Most of us have felt like hangerson at one time or another, and if it wasn't for people who really cared, we might have remained that way. Sometimes we're too busy to remember that politically we have to involve as many people as possible if we are to have a chance to win.

You might be ready to say that the purpose of the Seed isn't to teach people how to put out a paper or to make people feel good. But it's been my experience that the more people who work on a particular publication, the better it becomes. I have read the Seed over the past couple of years and am amazed at how much better it has gotten. I can't help but think it is because of the new people that keep joining the Seed as well as the older, more experienced people staying around.

These people sitting around whom you might think of as hangerson have a whole different set of experiences. Combined with what some of you know, those experiences could mean some very creative improvements in the Seed. But we've got to look for that in people. So don't try to involve as many people as possible because you think you would, but because you know it could only mean that the Seed will become a better paper.

The job you've done over the past year has been amazing considering what you have had to deal with. I would like to hug everyone of you, for you touched me many times with issues and articles that have helped me keep in mind what we are fighting for (as well as against).

Thanks for getting all the way through this.

LOVE AND STRUGGLE
Brick

What can we say? We could apologize, but that won't solve anything. Each day we try to deal with the dilemma of people and time, trust and caution. And we need you to remind us of where we are going.

Seed

ANDY MISHLOVE!!—call Milwaukee Underground Switchboard at 414-271-4610. You are not in serious trouble.

Found—2 year-old female Shephard, housebroken. 787-2576. Anyone want dog?—going to Canada and must leave dog.

ACID

BOO

RED BLOTTERS have been awarded the
DOPE OF THE YEAR SEAL

YELLOW DOUBLE DOMES a-little
Speedy at \$2.50 a hit.

PURPLE PSILOCYBIN. . . If you're into
real MAGIC MUSHROOM, here's one
for you! No speed or bullshit. . . just a
nice dose of ass-kicking mushrooms. . .
. . . \$2.50/\$3.00 a hit.

FRISCO WHITE LIGHTNING. . . Ex-
tremely strong dose of what may be ge-
nuine Osley's. . . 1/2 tabs have been known
to paste your eyes with Dayglo for 8-
10 hours. \$2.50 a hit.

PEYOTE. . . largish sandy brown caps. .
\$2.00 per hit pounds available. . . CAU-
TION: there are some small pink tabs
looking like this mescaline but are in real-
ity 4-way acid tabs, which are not bad.

PURPLE MICRODOTS. . . Visual but
short trips (5-6 hrs) going at \$2.00/hit.

MDA is basically a super-speed. It was first synthesized in 1933 and very little is
known about side effects. It's a double-Methedrine bond, which speeds to the point
of relaxation and an extreme sense of loving, without the usual speed babbles. The
major effect is a euphoric state where you love everyone and sexual flashes are
strong and frequent.

AIRPLANE GLUE, FREON, RUBBER/PLASTIC CEMENT, BENZINES. . . Initial
effects are Lightheadedness, exhilaration, giddiness and occasional hallucinations,
lasting from 15 to 30 minutes. . . Secondary effects include Loss of Muscular Con-
trol, Blurred, Vision, Acute Mental Confusion, Stupor and Convulsions; Black-outs
and Respiratory failures leading to Death and permanent damage to Lungs, Nostrils,
Liver, and Heart.

BEWARE. . . BEWARE. . . ORANGE SUNSHINE is popping up again. Physical
description is only that it is a tablet, a little larger than microdots (orange). It's
SPEED, STP, and some other shit. It has actually killed several people during the
Festivals last summer. BEWARE!

DIRTY MEXICAN GREEN. . . packed
in sugared keys and are very seedy. . .
Quality is superb (Watch out for sugared
keys. . . most of the time they are bull-
shit)

WEED SEEMS TO BE DRYING UP
VERY FAST
MIDWEST DOPE DEALERS ASSN. . .
BUY. . . BUY. . . BUY (Cuban Green 12
coming soon)

RED POWDERED HASH. . . VERY PO-
TENT. . . 2 tokes. . . about \$8. per gram.

JAMAICAN TEA. . . Very good clean
pounds. . . going at \$135.00

TURKISH OPIUM. . . Black-gummy-
"Dream-Cream" reported at \$8.00
per gram.

DMT. . . An old friend has returned to
the City in a reasonable quantity. Some
is wax-like form and some liquid. . .
going for about \$8. to \$10. per gram.

350 MIKE LSD-25. . . sugar cubes (rem-
ember, classics fans?), \$2.00/hit.

-DR EPID R

